BRISTOL
IS BUCKS COUNTY'S
METROPOLIS

The Bucks County Gazette.

THE GAZETTE
Is the Leading Paper of
BRISTOL

VOL. XXIV. BRISTOL, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1896. NO. 15

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

—Mr. and Mrs. John S Shull are visiting at their old home, Spring City, Pa.

—Mrs. M. A. Duncan and Mrs. E. V. Roberts have been visiting friends in Yardley and vicinity.

—Mr. Harry E Albert, of Germantown, has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Lawrence this week

—Mr. James Mooney is still seriously ill with typhoid pneumonia at the home of his mother in Philadelphia.

—Mrs. Thomas Hughes has been visiting relatives during the past week in Carroll county, Maryland.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bromley Wharton have removed to their Philadelphia residence on Pine street for the winter.

—Thomas Scott left Saturday evening on a gunning expedition to North Carolina, where he expects to make the birds quail.

—The Willing Workers of the First Baptist church will give one of their good suppers in Pythian Hall to-morrow evening.

—The monthly business and social meeting of the Epworth League will be held in the parlor of the M. E. Church on next Friday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Wagner, of St. Louis, Mo., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George A. Shoemaker several days during the past week.

—The public school children of Tullytown will give an entertainment in the M. E. Church of that borough, on Wednesday, November 25th.

—The corner stone of the Second Baptist Church, (colored), located on Race street, will be laid on next Sunday afternoon, with appropriate ceremonies.

—The Rev. C. H. Rorer has extended an invitation to Fidelity Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., to attend divine worship at the Methodist church on Sunday morning, November 22.

—List of letters remaining in Bristol postoffice, November 12, 1896: J. W. Bryant, Harvey M. Short, 2; William Stevens, care of Steel's Mills; David Wright, care of Steel's Mills.

—At the oyster and roast pig supper given last Friday and Saturday by the Methodist Church of Tullytown about $30 were cleared The proceeds go to the board of Stewards of the church.

—Very nearly nine hundred people went over on the ferry to Burlington on last Friday evening to participate in the grand ratification parade of New Jersey's big majority, given there on that night.

—This is the last week to pay the county tax to save the costs of execution. In Bristol Borough 'Squire William Loudenbough, whose office is on Bath street, opposite the Closson House, is the collector.

—The new bicycle path from the Hollow bridge to Landreth's farm lane is about completed. The heavy iron roller was put on the path Tuesday morning. The path promises to be the finest in this section of the country.

—Emlin Martin returned last night from a gunning trip along the borders of the raging Rancocas, in New Jersey, bringing with him a number of English hares, which very closely resemble our American jack rabbit of the plains.

—The Grand Lodge of Foresters, of Philadelphia, will visit Court Onward on Saturday night, at Mohican Hall, to confer the woodchoppers degree. A bountiful repast has been prepared to serve to the hungry choppers.

—Howard I. James, the most prominent free silver man of our town, before the election, was seen by a number of our residents beautifying the home of some of his young friends with sound money decorations for the monster parade Saturday night.

—The first of a series of games of duplicate whist to be played this season by some of Bristol's devotees, was held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. B. Rogers on last Saturday evening. The parade of that evening interfered very materially with the rules of the game.

—Mrs. E. V. Roberts and Mrs. S. B. Roberts, of Cornwells; Mr. and Mrs. Isaac S. Trexler, of Edgewood; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Randall and son, of Newtown; Miss Ora Harding and Mr. F. Golien, of Trenton, N. J., have been visitors at Wilson Randall's this week.

—A general change in time tables on the Pennsylvania Railroad lines for the fall and winter of 1896-7 will go into effect next Sunday. A new fast mail train covering the distance between New York and Chicago in 24 hours will be established. All stops will be taken off at Lindenfield and Piersons.

—Boxing instructor John A. Kelly gave his seventh athletic entertainment at Evans Hall on last Monday evening. There were three or four bouts between instructor Kelly and his pupils, but the chief event was the bout between Charlie McKeever, who has a national reputation as a clever boxer, and his little brother Johnnie, who defended himself remarkably well.

—A horse ridden by Richard Hepworth in a sound money jubilation parade in Burlington on Friday night, stepped into a blazing tar barrel and ran away. In its flight it knocked down William Snyder, of Bristol; Vale Marsh, of Burlington, and an unknown woman. Then as it plunged wildly towards the Delaware Hepworth dropped off its back and was badly bruised.

—Those sheep that participated in the parade on Saturday night were seen by a GAZETTE representative gamboling upon the green meadow of the Simons farm, just the other side of the Otter Creek bridge, with the sound money ribbons worn by them still around their necks; and they were in great glee whispering to each other in low, dulcet tones, of how envious the emaciated, ragged Democratic donkey would be of their fat proportions and thick coat, after the 4th of March next.

—Albert H. Holland, a well-known mason and contractor of Burlington, N. J. fell in the Delaware on Saturday night at the ferry boat's slip and was drowned. He came over with a number of Burlington people to witness the parade. The deceased was a single man, forty-three years of age. Coroner Kunsman summoned a jury and an inquest was held and a verdict of accidental drowning was rendered. The remains were removed on Sunday morning to Burlington for burial.

Bristol's Big Parade.

The enthusiasm of the citizens of our good old town of Bristol knew not how to contain itself when the returns were read on Wednesday morning, of the glorious election of McKinley and Hobart. Particularly hard also was it for them to restrain themselves from some overt action when it was learned how the voters of Bristol almost unanimously cast their vote to keep the industries of this manufacturing town running. The only thing that could quell this vast amount of enthusiasm was to give it vent in a monster parade. The people wanted to parade immediately on that night, but it was decided to wait until Saturday evening, in order to give everybody a chance to purchase red fire, the fixing up generally of the floats for the parade, and the decoration of the residences and business houses of the town.

The parade was the finest affair that ever wended its way through the many streets of the borough. The houses were decorated as they never were before, a dark house could scarcely be seen, even some of our prominent Democrats who voted for the filthy lucre called silver, could not resist the temptation to run out the stars and stripes, open the valves that made the gas man smile, and sing, "God bless the enemy, we are theirs." The ferryboat William E. Doron brought over 300 people from Burlington who participated in the procession, which started at about half past eight, with E. W. Minster as grand marshal, and followed by a squad of Bristol's police force, (there is only one squad). Then came the Bristol band which played anything it wanted to. Next in line came a large delegation of citizens, followed by the Irving P. Wanger Pioneer Corps with their little axes; then came the Eden Band which preceded Thos. L. Leedom & Co.'s grand display, consisting of a number of men in line with brooms, with a letter on each, spelling "McKinley and Hobart," a large wagon load of girls from the burling department with a long strip of carpet across the top with the firm's name woven in it. Then came the men from the dye house carrying dye sticks, and following them came those from the shipping department carrying large rolls of carpet. Every person in this display wore a sash of yellow cheese cloth.

Phillip's band of Burlington headed the unique display of Wm H. Grundy & Co., which consisted of a wagon with a number of sheep in it, and the motto on the side "We will look better after the 4th of March," and then came a number of men in line each carrying a flag, followed by a large float with gong attachment, from which a continual stream of fire works was discharged.

A stocking made in the mill of M. C. Hughes, was so large that it would make Santa Claus give up in despair if it were hung up on Christmas eve, came next in the line drawn by two heavy horses.

Walter Leedom was represented by a fine display of a five horse tandem drawing a wagon filled with the articles he exchanges in business for the yellow metal. There were a number of single wagons in line.

The Bristol Fife and Drum Corps was also in the procession somewhere. The rear of the parade was brought up by about 200 horsemen, from Bristol and vicinity. It is estimated that there were about 2000 people in line.

Council Proceedings.

The regular monthly meeting of Council was held in the Council Chamber on last Monday evening, at which were present: B. C. Foster, President, and Messrs. Evans, Fetrow, Joyce, Milnor, Moss, McCarry, Scull, Scott, Whitely, Wright and Wilson.

The Street Committee recommended the acceptance by the borough of Wilson street, and presented an ordinance providing for the same; reported that the bridge crossing Mill street was not considered safe for heavy hauling, and that the crossing at Mulberry street, near the M. E. Church, was under advisement. The report was received and filed. The ordinance accepting Wilson street was read, the rules suspended and the ordinance placed upon it passage, and was adopted unanimously.

The Police Committee reported two arrests during the month of October, and 321 tramps lodged in the station house.

The Special Committee appointed to ascertain at what price arc lights could be provided for reported that they had attended to that duty, and that they would be furnished by the Electric Light Company at $8 per light per month. The committee recommended that 20 lights be ordered. After considerable discussion the matter was referred to the Finance Committee to report at a special meeting on Monday, the 23rd inst., relative to the amount of funds in the treasury which would be available for that purpose.

On motion the Street Committee was empowered to employ a suitable person to test the Mill street bridge to ascertain if it was in a safe condition. A petition was received and read from residents and property owners on Swain street, asking for a street lamp. On motion the matter was referred to the Street Committee with power to act.

After passing the current bills for the month Council adjourned.

MARRIED.

List-Swain.

The marriage of Miss Laura Swain, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Swain, to Rev. Thomas R. List, rector of the Church of the Redemption, 22d and Callowhill street, Philadelphia, was celebrated at 12.15 o'clock to-day at the home of the bride's parents on Radcliffe street. The ceremony was performed by Bishop O. W. Whitaker. None but the immediate relatives were present at the ceremony.

—This morning at about 5.30 a west bound coal and box car train was wrecked just above Tullytown by the breaking of an axle of one of the cars. The portion of the train that was wrecked was piled up across all four tracks, and over 1500 feet of rails were twisted and torn loose. Fortunately no one was hurt. The Trenton and Tacony wrecking trains were immediately telegraphed for, and with their aid track No. 1 was cleared sufficiently to allow the Trenton way line through, which is due at Bristol at 6.58, to arrive at about 10 a. m. All freight trains are held over.

—A woman's fashionable call occupies twenty minutes—five minutes in a chair and fifteen minutes at the door.

The Chief of Police Duped.

A medium sized man and very smooth talker, arrived in Bristol last Saturday afternoon, inquring for the chief of police. Chief Saxton being found he disclosed unto him that he was a detective from Detroit, Michigan, and that he had located a notorious murderer from that city in our quiet town, that the murderer was also an Italian, and a most dangerous one, having killed several policemen who had attempted his arrest. He also told our chief that there was a reward of five hundred dollars offered for his arrest. When Chief Saxton asked the detective for his credentials and the necessary warrant, he said that his father had them in his possession at Philadelphia, and that they would not arrive until Sunday, but he thought that it would be adviseable in the meantime to lay a trap to catch the dangerous son of Italy. He then told the chief that the murderer was living with his brother and nephew, also dangerous men, and that the best way to capture him was to get the three of them jobs in the electric light station, and then they could handle their man while he was at work unsuspecting any trouble. That afternoon arrangements were made with the night engineer, by the detective and the chief to aid them in the capture of their man, by showing what their duties would be and promising to them a salary of forty-five dollars a month each, and that they should report for work on Sunday night. On that night it was the intention of the chief and detective to make the arrest. The detective and chief then went out, the former coming back in a little while with the three Italians, who were shown their duties, told the amount of money they were to receive, and for them to report for work on Sunday afternoon.

Sunday afternoon the detective and the men made their appearance at the station, the detective inquiring for the night engineer was told that he did not arrive until seven. Then he asked the man attending if he had a pen and ink handy, which he obtained, and wrote out a little note handing it to the supposed murderer, who gave him a hundred dollar bill for securing them their jobs. Of course the detective then had to go out for a moment when he hunted up Chief Saxton telling him that he was on the wrong scent, that the man he wanted lived in Burlington and only came over to Bristol three times a week, and that the arrest would have to be made on the next day, Monday. That was the last seen of the wily detective. Chief Saxton feels so badly about losing the opportunity of arresting a murderer that he has offered a reward of twenty-five dollars of his own money for the capture of the supposed detective. The falsely accused Italian, Dominico Soporato, and his brother and son, are now going the rounds of the lawyers' offices to see whether they can recover the hundred dollars they borrowed from one of their countrymen.

Third Regiment, K. of P., Visit Bristol.

On Sunday last the Third Regiment, Uniform Rank Knights of Pythias, attended divine services at the Baptist Church, and listened to an eloquent and impressive sermon upon the motto of the order "Honor, Justice and Loyalty," by the Rev. E. A. Rock, Chaplain of the Regiment.

Our local company assembled at their armory at 9.30 a. m., and with the band proceeded to Mill street wharf to receive the rest of the regiment arriving from Philadelphia on the Twilight. The line was then formed and proceeded to the armory on Wood street, where Hermione Lodge, K. of P., was waiting to join them. The shortest route to the church was then taken and after a most hearty and impressive service which was embellished by several selections from the band, the regiment returned to the armory and partook of lunch. A couple of hours were then spent in social intercourse, many of the Knights visiting the homes of their local friends. The column again formed at half past three and proceeding to Radcliffe street above Walnut, the customary review was held after which the regiment proceeded to Mill street wharf and the visitors took the four o'clock boat for home, while Hermione Company proceeded to their armory and disbanded.

There were present: Col. Linde, of the Major General's Staff; Col. Furgeson and Major Gilkeson, of the Brigadier General's Staff; and of the Third Regiment, Lieut. Col. McCullough, Commanding; Major McKeage, Regimental Surgeon; Capt. Thompson, Adjutant; Capt. Rook, Chaplain; Capt. Walls, Quartermaster, together with Sergeant Major Silverstone, Quartermaster Sergeant Williams and Commissary Sergeant Chambers of the non-commissioned staff.

The companies represented were Germantown No. 1, Lieut. Hawk; Childs-Drexel No. 2, Capt. Fryer; Continental No. 8 Capt. Mackhold; Hermione No. 10, Capt. Leech, 1st Lieut. Wettling, 2nd Lieut. Neeley; Union No 11, Capt. Gervis, 1st Lieut. Taylor, 2nd Lieut. Stettor. There being 107 in line altogether.

—The annual meeting of the Bristol Branch of the Needlework Guild of America will be held on Tuesday, November 17, at three o'clock p. m., in the lecture room of the Presbyterian church. Any person can become a member by contributing annually two new garments. This society is unsectarian, and the object of the Guild is to collect and distribute new plain garments among hospitals, homes and other charities, also for the relief of deserving poor. Further information will be furnished upon application to Miss Esther Lawrence, president of Bristol Branch. All contributors and others wishing to know more of the work are invited to attend the meeting.

—William Robinson, who for over half a century has resided in Bristol, died on Tuesday afternoon, at his residence on Buckley street, of consumption. The deceased was for many years employed as head carpenter at Hughes' Hosiery Mills. He was a member of Hopkins Lodge, I. O. O. F., and Martha Washington Chamber, K. of F. He was also a member from the Fourth ward in the Borough Council. The funeral will take place on Friday afternoon, the interment being in the Bristol Cemetery.

A Card.

We, the employees of W. H. Grundy & Co., by a unanimous vote, extend to them our sincere thanks for their kindness in granting us the day, Nov. 4, and also paying us our wages for the same.

COMMITTEE.

Is It So?

Bristol will soon have one of the finest opera houses in the State, outside of Philadelphia. So says the Bristol correspondent of the Philadelphia Press. We are afraid that the magnificent building spoken of is all in the aforesaid correspondent's eye, and that the period of time denoted by the word "soon" in the alleged news item, will hardly bear the construction put upon it by any reliable dictionary if its significance is to be determined by self evident facts.

It is true that Bristol would be pleased to have "one of the finest opera houses in the State, outside of Philadelphia," if somebody would present her with one, and it is also equally true that Bristol needs a suitable place where concerts, lectures, and theatricals can be given, in which the comfort of the audience will be assured.

The correspondent refrains from disclosing the location of his new opera house. He does not betray the names of those who are to put up the money to erect and furnish the building. He prefers to keep the matter a profound secret locked up in his own breast until the time arrives when he can safely disclose these unimportant and minor details to a waiting and anxious public.

Meanwhile imaginative Bristolians will continue to erect gorgeous castles in the air undisturbed by the thought that a rival building of perhaps more magnificent proportions and more elaborate appointments will "soon" be reared that will rival if not excel anything in the Commonwealth of a similar character outside of the limits of the city of Brotherly Love.

Our Teachers.

The teachers of our public schools, having attended the Teachers Institute at Doylestown, and gathered intellectual honey from that plethoric hive, were well prepared to take advantage of their experience and to shed about them locally a portion of their fresh store of "sweetness and light." They did this in a very becoming and creditable manner. Their review of the Institute was entitled to a larger audience than that which was favored with the privilege of basking in their illuminating beams. Teachers, however, are naturally modest, and somewhat averse to inviting public attention to their clever doings.

The entertainment took place in the Assembly room of the High School building last Wednesday evening. The Superintendent, Miss Matilda S. Booz, was mistress of ceremonies, and gracefully performed her part. The following programme tells the evening's tale:—

PROGRAMME.

Music—Edleweiss, Miss Hetherington,
Paper—What I Found Helpful and Instructive, Miss Minster,
Paper—Our Instructors, (Miss McMollan, Prof. Apgar, Stabler and Philips), Miss Harrison,
Music—Souvenir de Varsovie, Miss Lucy Sooy,
Paper—Our Instructors, (Profs. Brumbaum, Elson, Schmuecker and Green), Miss Barrett,
Paper—A Review of Essays, Miss Mathias,
Music—El Capitaine, Miss Peterson,
Paper—Our Evening Lecturers, (Theo. Schmauk, General Gordon and John Burroughs), Miss Douglass,
Paper—Our Entertainers, (Alex. Black, Catherine Parker and Helen Boice Hunsicker), Miss Lippincott,
Music—Moonlight Shadows, Mrs. Eva D. Hay,
Director's Day, Mr. Wildman,
Music—Mazourka, (Weber), Misses Tomlinson and Sooy.

Miss Sooy and Miss Peterson are graduates of our High School. All the others are teachers except Mrs. Hay, who was promoted from our schools to the blushing bliss of wedlock; and the male contingent who ventilated "Director's day."

The music pleasantly variegated the proceedings, and it always lends a charm to any and all occasions.

Miss Minster's paper, as was the case with all the others, was listened to with deep attention. It gave ample evidence of her appreciation of the Institute, and she presented her thoughts and impressions clearly and creditably. She found in the Institute a great deal that was helpful and instructive, and it was gratifying to know how well she could point out and enforce the excellent and edifying features.

Miss Harrison had a good theme and she did not fail to do it full justice. Her analysis was a pleasant one, and it was interesting to see how nicely she could show her preference in a discriminating review of the merits of the instructors. I wonder if Miss McMollan's ears burned while our fair critic gently breathed her praises! This paper on the instructors was itself instructive.

Miss Barrett handled another set of lights in that galaxy of illuminators, and she did it dexterously. Who could talk about Prof. Brumbaum without illustrating the contagion of merriment? Her bright paper was gemmed with emeralds of wit that reflected their native clime, and it gleamed and sparkled with ancestral humor. All those instructors had a worthy chronicler, and had they been there to listen to that merry-and-wise running commentary, I am sure they would have been gratified as well as amused, and even more so than were those who so keenly enjoyed this "feast of reason and flow of soul;" otherwise they would be lacking in some of the dainty qualities of human nature.

Miss Mathias gave an excellent review of the essays, one of which was on "Physical Culture" by Miss Margaret Harris, of New Hope, and the other on "School Libraries" by Miss Annie Mathias, of Doylestown, a sister of our reviewer. This paper was a very clear and succinct statement, showing the leading merits of those two essays, and giving force and point as a supplement to their conclusions.

Miss Douglass handled her theme admirably. Could any one have done it better? Her paper was well written, and she very forcibly portrayed her impressions. In some parts there was vivid description of high merit, and her happy effort was beautifully rounded out with glowing eloquence blended with the emphasis that dwells in fervid enthusiasm.

Miss Lippincott had "entertainers" for her subject, and her paper was our entertainer and instructor. It gave a pleasant picture of those who had the benefit of her pen and fancy, and her presentation was the outflow of an appreciative nature. A good thing well told has a flavor which is synonymous with merit.

All in all the occasion was completely enjoyable, and it well deserves a praiseworthy record. W.

—It is estimated that 80 per cent. of the inmates of public institutions in this State are aliens.

Day Instead of Darkness.

A wave of good feeling has swept over the land. Sensible and patriotic people everywhere are glad. The day of hope dawns, and they experience a sense of relief following the severe tension caused by the dread of a possibility that did not happen. McKinley was elected and not Bryan. That simple statement conveys a meaning that has world-wide significance. Human intelligence fails to comprehend its mighty import.

At one time, and, indeed, to those whose fears were stronger than their hopes, all the while that the contest waged the fate of the nation seemed to tremble in the balance. We want no better evidence of the deep anxiety and the widespread alarm that prevailed, than was shown in the silent and steady process of hoarding gold that was kept up to the very day of the battle of the ballots, by people who wanted to be prepared for the worst. Had their fears been realized, had those eloquent figures that so happily told the tale of the Nation's safe rescue from an appalling peril been reversed, what now would we behold? The hoarding of gold on a scale of unparallelled magnitude, the frantic efforts of people to hedge themselves about with some kind of a wall of security, and the consequent convulsion that would have overtaken the business world through the raging storm of a wild panic that no human agency could have controlled, would have plunged our country into a vortex of confusion and calamity which not even the imagination can completely grasp.

Instead of a doom like that there is joy and hope. Instead of the dismal spread of ruin and disaster to harrass the brain and sicken the soul, we have auspicious promise and brightening prospects. From all points come to our ears good tidings that give report of business revival. Trade has put on its full armor. Enterprise rouses itself like a lion from its slumber and hopefully surveys the field of opportunity. Waiting has given place to doing. Activity is seen all alert where suspense tightly held the reins. Timidity has been tossed to the winds. No one need now leap in the dark. The way seems clear, and none can feel that they are floating in a sea of doubt.

The danger now is that the place on the good road may be too rapid. Even prosperity sometimes needs a wholesome check or it may overleap itself. The reports which show that the pig-iron trade, and the candy trade, and everything far and near besides are booming, may after a time have to be modified. Even candy and pig-iron may experience so abundant a supply as to choke the channels of demand, for these have their limitations.

Do you remember the inscription on the gates of Busyrane? "Be bold!" first gate; "Be bold, be bold, and evermore be bold," second gate; "Be not too bold!" third gate.

And so the manufacturers of candy, and pig-iron, and cloth, and the infinite variety of things, may need to be warned. Go fast; go fast, and evermore go fast; go not too fast.

The Result in Bucks County.

The total vote in Bucks county and the majorities given for the successful candidates is given below:

PRESIDENT.	
McKinley	9798
Bryan	6685
Majority	3113
REPRESENTATIVE-AT-LARGE.	
Grow	9683
DeWitt	6785
Majority	2898
CONGRESS.	
Wanger	9650
Vandegrift	6914
Majority	2736
ASSEMBLY—UPPER END.	
Funk	9616
Kiser	6985
Majority	2631
ASSEMBLY—MIDDLE DISTRICT.	
Rice	9623
Doughty	6975
Majority	2648
ASSEMBLY—LOWER END.	
Patterson	9614
McBride	6872
Majority	2742
SHERIFF.	
Aaron	9720
Selner	6914
Majority	2806
RECORDER.	
Wright	9858
Booz	6750
Majority	3103
ORPHANS' COURT.	
Simpson	9704
Snyder	6892
Majority	2812
QUARTER SESSIONS.	
Harding	9681
Hibbs	6924
Majority	2757
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.	
Myers	9569
Carver	6874
Majority	2695
Poore	9664
Ott	7010
Majority	2654
DIRECTOR OF THE POOR.	
Johnson	9673
Richardson	6914
Majority	2759
AUDITOR.	
Fox	9664
Smith	6905
Majority	2759
Radcliffe	9666
Ozias	6813
Majority	2753

The largest majority on the county ticket was in favor of William P. Wright of this borough.

There were 312 votes cast for Senator Palmer, the national candidate for President on the Jeffersonian ticket. The Prohibition vote was 197. The Socialist Labor party polled 8 votes. The National party polled 7 votes, and the Free Silver party polled 2 votes.

W. C. T. U.

Devotional meeting of the W. C. T. U. next Wednesday, November 18, at 3.30 in the Presbyterian church.

The Philosophy of It.

Four years ago mills began to close the week of President Cleveland's election, and others stopped taking orders and prepared to close as soon as existing engagments were completed. This year many mills start up the week of McKinley's election, and multitudes which have been running as close as possible, so as to stop without delay in case of Bryan's success, begin immediately to run full force. Four years ago the reduction of wages began as soon as the result of the election was known. This year many concerns have already advanced wages voluntarily, even before the result is precisely ascertained. Men do not yet know how large the majority of electoral votes or the popular majority may be, nor how the Senate will stand. But they know enough to be certain that the supremacy of law will be maintained, that the courts will not be prostituted, and that no more Democratic experiments with the currency or the tariff will be possible for four years at least.

It is not necessary to add comments. A naked recital of the fact must educate multitudes of men. The really surprising thing is that millions of fellow-citizens have been voting to take the bread from their own mouths, to deprive their own families of subsistence, and to prostrate the industries and business of their country. This would be less strange if all of them were as base and dishonest as those who have composed riotous mobs in many cities, or as densely ignorant as a considerable part of the voters in the slums of cities or in the backwoods. But it is not so. A great majority of those who voted to destroy their own prosperity and that of the country were unquestionably honest and sincere. Besides the base and vicious and the supidly ignorant, there was a great number of citizens who possess average intelligence and are honest in purpose, and yet voted as stupidly as the least worthy of all voters.

It is easy to say that false money theories blinded many of them, and false notions about the tariff blinded many others. The explanation does not explain, until it is realized that these false theories have a faculty of blinding men to their own real interests and to their duties as citizens, and that because they appeal to low and selfish rather than patriotic motives. It is the very essence of the cheap-money theory that it persuades a man that his individual share of the general property can be increased by taking away part of the property which others enjoy. It is the very essence of the Free Trade theory that it offers to selfishness cheaper goods, without regard to the welfare of the millions who cannot produce cheap goods and yet live wholesome and happy lives.

It is opening the eyes of millions—this swift transition from gloom to sunlight. If the Democratic vote is necessarily a vote for disaster and disturbance, why cast another? If Republican success means instant improvement and general prosperity, why not make it sure every time? If the general welfare inevitably brings the best results for all individuals, what sense is there in voting for changes which a narrow and blind selfishness may prompt, but which surely involve sacrifice of the general welfare? If support of cheap-money and Free-Trade theories unavoidably makes a man the companion and helper of the ignorant and the baser elements of society, is it not time to push patriotism forward through all the years that are coming?—N. Y. Tribune.

—A great revolution has been effected this week in the conditions which control business. It could not be in any fair degree reflected as yet in transactions or in records, but there is ample evidence already that a crushing weight has been lifted and rolled away, and the business world has begun to adjust itself to a state of freedom and security which it has not known for years. Dread of immeasurable disaster no longer locks up resources and paralyzes enterprise, and new contracts involving many millions have become binding since the election. The rush for stocks on Wednesday lifted the average for all railways $1.16 per share in a single day and Trust stocks $1.54, and in many of the most active the advance was so sudden that heavy sales for realizing caused some reaction. The wild advance of over 3 cts. in wheat on Monday and Wednesday was also followed by realizing and decline on Thursday. But the instant vanishing of the premium on gold, which had reached about 2 per cent., the unlocking of many millions which had been hoarded, the collapse of the interest rate from 8 and 12 to 6 and 5½ per cent., and the quick demand for American securities on foreign account, are signs of more lasting promise. The lifting of the load of peril and of fear, all men know, means an incalculable relief for all industry and trade.—Dun's Review.

—It is currently reported, says the Newtown Enterprise, that it is now getting to be somewhat dangerous to drive about the country in this section during the evenings, from the annoyance of being held up by highwaymen, or running the risk of being assaulted by tramps. Not long since a Newtown young man was shot at from ambush while passing through the woods east of the farm of E. P. & W. P. Hicks, in company with a lady, while another was subjected to the discomfort of having some one walk out into the road in the same locality and attempt to take his horse by the head. He put the whip to his steed and thus escaped from the clutches of the would-be highwayman.

Nearly 10,000 Plurality.

Congressman Irving P. Wanger has been returned to Congress by the largest plurality ever given any candidate in this district. Bucks county gave him 2736 and Montgomery 7249 making a total in the district of 9985, just 15 votes short of 10,000 plurality. This is more than double his plurality in 1894, and it shows that his course in Congress has met with popular approval, and that the Republicans made no mistake when they renominated him.

—At a luncheon given in his honor in New York on Tuesday, Chairman Hanna said the administration recently chosen would go into office without pledges of any kind, and wholly uncommitted as regards the formation of a cabinet.

—"Politicians are like corkscrews," says the Manayunk Philosopher: "the more crooked they are, the stronger their pull."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Young Lady's Rules.

The following rules of conduct fell out of the pocketbook of a young lady and an unscrupulous newspaper reporter picked them up and published them:

1. I don't let a man smoke when he walks or drives with me. If he knows no better than to do it I promptly tell him what I think of it.

2. I don't give my photograph to men. I used to occasionally, but I am wise now. I should hate bye and bye to know that my face might be hanging up in Tom, Dick or Harry's room.

3. I don't let a man take my arm when he walks with me. If he does, I tell him I prefer him to give me his arm.

4. I don't go out with a man just because he asks me. I like it better if he asks another to go too—his sister for instance.

5. I don't let any man "see me home" from church. If he hasn't got gumption enough to take me there and sit through the services with me, he can stay away altogether.

6. I don't let any man give me presents, unless it is something of a trifling cost—like fruit or flowers. And I always gauge a man by his taste in this respect.

7. I don't encourage any man who is not perfectly polite and agreeable to my mother. Whoever calls on me sees a great deal of her.

8. I don't allow a caller to stay later than 10 o'clock. If he does not go at that time, I tell him politely that this is my custom.

Growth of the Tourist System.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company through its personally-conducted tourist system and the unexcelled standard of high service has won an enviable record for itself. These tours have grown to be thoroughly appreciated in this age of luxurious travel, and the series announced for the season of '96 and '97 admirably illustrates the progress of the times.

First comes a series to the Golden Gate, starting from New York, Philadelphia, and Harrisburg, January 27, February 24, and March 27. Tourists will travel by superbly-appointed special trains of Pullman compartment, drawing-room, sleeping, dining, smoking, and observation cars under the supervision of a Tourist Agent and Chaperon.

Next in importance comes a series of four to Florida—January 26, February 9 and 23, and March 9. The first three admit of two weeks in the sunny South, while tickets for the fourth tour are good to return by regular trains until May 31.

A series of short tours to Washington from New York, Philadelphia, and adjacent points will be run on December 29, 1896, January 21, February 11, March 11, April 1 and 22, and May 13, 1897.

Old Point Comfort, Richmond, and Washington tours will leave New York and Philadelphia December 26, 1896, January 28, February 20, March 18, and April 15, 1897.

Handsome illustrated itineraries will be issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, containing full information as to how these tours may be pleasantly and profitably made. These itineraries may be procured on personal application or by addressing Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 860 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J., or Room 411, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

A Parson's Farewell.

A minister in a small town once took leave of his congregation in the following pathetic address: "Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-by. I don't think God loves this church because none of you have ever died. I don't think you love each other because I have never been called upon to marry any of you. I don't think you love me because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are moldy fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' Brothers, I am going to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go ye cannot come; but I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-by."

—The costliest cigars ever brought to this country were a box of the brand specially made for the Prince of Wales in Havana, the manufacturer's price for which was $1.87 apiece. Quite a popular cigar among some of the rich men in New York is a special Henry Clay, which comes in a handsome box, wrapped in gold foil, and retails for $1.40 apiece.

—Dwight L. Moody, the famous evangelist, has made a contract with The Ladies Home Journal, by which he will conduct in that magazine a series of popular Bible studies in the form of a great National Bible Class. It will be made into a regular and permanent department of the Journal, and is to be known as "Mr. Moody's Bible Class." The evangelist will personally lead his unique "Bible Class" each month in the exposition of some of the vital Bible truths, and will naturally appeal to a large circle of readers.

Organ Recital and Concert.

The West Arch Street Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, will reopen this evening. The organ has been rebuilt, and is now said to be one of the finest church organs in the city. To celebrate the reopening an organ recital and concert will be given. Professor Stanley Addicks and Miss Laura A. Wood will be the organists, and Del Puente, Mme. Anna E. Fisher, Preston Tyler and others will appear in the concert.

New Machinery Added.

A number of the latest pattern of automatic seamless knitting machines are being installed in the hosiery mill of M. C. Hughes, and will be put immediately into operation to accomodate their business.

—Dr. James Stinson Wintermute was murdered in Tacoma on Tuesday by Samuel Tucker, a hypochondriac, whom he was treating. Tucker then killed himself.

Fake Advertisers.

The person who wants to get something for nothing does not think when he replies to the advertisement of some rogue or some lottery that he is advertising himself as a mark to every scoundrel in the country who likes to make that easy living known as existence on their wits. Attorney General Thomas, of the postoffice department, in his annual report recently issued, points out that all letters sent by victims to fake advertisers are kept and rented out or sold so that other unscrupulous persons can use names and addresses on them. People often wonder how some quack doctor or green goods dealer, lottery agent or other victimizer finds out their address, but it will invariably be found that the person to whom the circular is sent has, some time before, answered the ad of another concern. The attorney general says that such a list, containing three million names, was recently offered for sale or rent. So that one firm alone had had dealings with that number of gullible people.

Letters From Farmers

In South and North Dakota, relating their own personal experience in those States, have been published in pamphlet form by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and as these letters are extremely interesting, and the pamphlet is finely illustrated, one copy will be sent to any address, on receipt of two cent postage stamp. Apply to John R. Pott, District Passenger Agent, 486 William street, Williamsport, Pa.

—The first death in a Kansas blizzard this season is reported from Goodland, on the Colorado border, where, on Tuesday, the body of J. N. Moran was found in a snow drift.

—The costliest mats in the world are owned by the Shah of Persia and the Sultan of Turkey. The Shah and the Sultan each possess a mat made of pearls and diamonds, valued at over $2,500,000. The largest mat ever made is owned by the Carlton Club, of London, and is a work of art.

You Have Waited for This.

There are many people who would be glad to abandon the habit of drinking coffee if they could only find some substitute for it. That substitute is Grain-O, made from pure grains and, in the opinion of those who have given it a thorough trial, a beverage in every way preferable to coffee. Grain-O is not a stimulant,—it is something better. It is cheering, nutritious and strengthening. In other words it is a food-drink, as coffee is not. It is acceptable to the most delicate stomach, and children may use it with perfect safety. It is free from all injurious properties and no nervous action. It never interferes with sleep. As for flavor of Grain-O, people who use it say that after using it a week or two they like its taste better than that of coffee. Grain-O is sold by all grocers at 15c. and 25c. per package. Try it.

Increasing Business Demands Greater Facilities.

The well known Philadelphia firm of Optical specialists, W. H. Podesta & Co., having again found additional facilities necessary for the convenience of their rapidly increasing patronage, have opened a central office for the retailing of eye glasses, spectacles, optical goods, etc., and the general conduct of their business at No. 113 North Ninth street, above Arch, Philadelphia, Pa.

The patrons of this firm are its most successful advertisers, as they gladly and readily commend to their friends the accurate and satisfactory work they have had done and furnished by said firm.

Many years of studious, earnest and practical experience have given them a proficiency second to none in their line.

W. H. Podesta, the senior member of the firm, has arranged to personally receive callers at the central office on Mondays and Thursdays.

Consultation and eye examination free. See their advertisement in this paper.

A Complete Establishment.

Johnson Brothers, the popular clothiers at the corner of Mill and Wood streets, are now ready for the Spring and Summertrade. They can dress a man from head to toe in the best style and for a small amount of cash. Their Clothing, Hats, Caps, Underwear, Hosiery, Shoes and Neckwear, are all of the latest styles and best makes. They have suits from $5 to $20, honest goods and well made. Hats, from 40 cts. to $3.00. Underwear from $1.00 to $3.00 per suit; and shoes, well made, neat, strong and substantial, at various prices. For reliable goods, bought from standard houses, go to Johnson Brothers. They keep no auction trash upon their premises.

Tourist Sleeping Cars to California Daily.

Every day in the year Tourist Sleeping Cars are run through from Chicago to California via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific R'ys). $6.00 for completely equipped double berth from Chicago to the Pacific Coast. For tickets and full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15cts. and 25cts. per package.

The Bucks County Gazette.

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.
OFFICE—CORNER RADCLIFFE AND WALNUT STS.
One dollar per year, in advance.

READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE GAZETTE will be pleased to receive at all times communications upon current topics. Anonymous communications however cannot be noticed. In all cases the writer's name is required, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

THURSDAY, NOV. 12, 1896.

AT CRIPPLE CREEK.

LEADING FEATURES AS THEY APPEARED TO A TENDERFOOT.

Prospectors Who Have "Struck It Rich" and Were Soon Broke—Some Stories About John Nolan, the Gambler, and the Place Which Bears His Name.

The life of a mining camp like this can be summed up in the one word gamble. The spirit is everywhere, and it pervades all things. And there could be nothing more natural, since it is the gambling spirit that makes men hunt for the precious metal in the mountains, as Mr. Stratton did for 20 weary years before he chanced upon a certain piece of rock in Cripple Creek and from a humble carpenter and inveterate prospector suddenly blossomed out as a great American millionaire. To men who are accustomed to see vast fortunes made from a chance strike there can be nothing immoral in the poker table. And so it happens that gambling is openly recognized here as a lawful vice, and that all the paraphernalia of the game is openly displayed in almost every saloon. It is perhaps a mark of advanced civilization that every game pays $10 as a license fee, which yields to the town $80,000 as yearly revenue from gaming.

Thus it happens that one finds the saloons and gambling clubs the most interesting places in the Creek. It is there that you find "society." Making the rounds on Sunday evening, we enter some finely furnished rooms from the main street and find Johnny Nolan's place, which is accessible only to those having private keys. In the first room, which is separated from the larger one by elegant portieres, is a piano and music, and a reading table piled high with the best magazines of the east, the leading newspapers and the comic weeklies.

In the rear room we find a brilliantly lighted space, whose walls are hung with large oil paintings of the usual type, tables scattered around, and the equipment of the various games in which one may indulge. Here is a man playing the wheel. Over there in the corner is a group of six gamesters, quiet and repressed, over a poker table. Several men stand around and watch the play in silence. Some of these are story books in themselves. One man of small stature and frowsy appearance, who is intently watching the battle of the chips, is pointed out as the luckiest prospector in Cripple Creek. He discovered the great Pharmacist and Calumet gold mines and four or five others of inferior value. His next strongest point was in disposing of bonanzas soon after he had found them for an insignificant sum and allowing others to reap the golden harvest. Thus he sold the rich Pharmacist for the beggarly sum of $50, and within six months thereafter $80,000 worth of gold had been dug from it. There are millionaires alive as the result of this man's "strikes,'" and here he is with hardly a dollar to his name. Unhappy? By no means. Tomorrow he may find the richest gold deposits in the camp. Nolan has infinite "sand." The other night a quiet looking chap came in and began playing the wheel. Before midnight the fellow had beaten the game to the extent of $16,000 and had "busted" the bank. Nolan went out and soon returned. Placing $80,000 before him, he coolly offered to continue the battle. The stranger paused, $20,000 in front of Nolan, and then, stowing the $16,000 in his pocket, sensibly went away. And Nolan only smiled and said not a word.

Another side of Nolan's character is revealed in the story of an episode of recent occurrence which impressed all who witnessed it. Besides this elegantly furnished club, he also runs an adjoining saloon, where the various games are played. This is open to the general public, as was demonstrated the other day, when two had men from the hills tried to ride through the front door on horseback. One night Nolan sat in this saloon at a poker table, making up a hand with some patrons of the place. One of the players was a miner of no special skill at poker, but who was mightily absorbed in the game. The limit was $1. The play had been pretty tame, but soon began to show some lightning. The miner had been losing and was gradually getting afire with the fever of the gambling spirit. The cards were dealt. After the usual byplay several dropped out, leaving Nolan and the miner in the game. The miner had finally got a hand, it appeared, that suited him, and he proposed to play it for all it was worth. With the pot already at $20, the miner made it $50, and Nolan, immediately catching his opponent's fighting mood, made it $100. The miner paused, looked at his hand again, and, laying the cards upon the table, pulled from his pocket a large roll of bills. His face flushed as he counted out $100. Without a twinkle or the movement of a muscle Nolan covered him and raised him $100 more. The other now threw into the heap every dollar he had, and, rising hysterically to his feet, shouted, "I call you." The professional smiled and laid down his hand in the sight of all. It was a straight flush against four aces, and Nolan had won $700, the miner's little fortune.

The ruined man sank back from the table with a ghastly attempt at bravado. No one paid the slightest attention to him now, and he quickly disappeared. The play went on, for others came in to take a hand, and some two hours passed. At an interesting point the spectators circling the table suddenly turned toward the door, whence came the sound of a woman's voice. A great novelist would write up what followed with powerful effect, but all I can say is that the woman was the miner's wife, and that she wanted to see the man who won that $700. She had been crying, as might have been expected, for she had been counting on that money to make life a little cheerier in the little cabin home on the hillside for herself and the babies. Nolan didn't stir a hair and played out his hand. Then he looked up and took in the situation at a glance. Pulling out his checkbook, without a moment's hesitation, he wrote, "Pay to the bearer or order $700," and signed "John Nolan."

"Tell her to come here," he said.

The woman came forward shrinkingly, now frightened by the boldness of her exploit, and the gambler thrust the check into her hand.

"Now go home," he said, and then, turning to the players at the table, "It's your deal, sir." — Cripple Creek Cor. Springfield Republican.

Definition Wanted.

"Mr. Smiley, what's a cannibal?"

"A cannibal? Why do you want to know, my boy?"

"'Cause last night, when you said you favored carrying out the old principle of dog eat dog, pa whispered to me and said, 'Oh, what a cannibal!'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Woman With a Grievance.

The woman with the headache is a creature to be pitied. Generally she could help it if she would, or rather prevent it. A headache is simply nature's revenge for some crime against it. It comes usually from overeating, undereating or irregular eating, which causes indigestion, and gases on the stomach cause pressure on the brain and that causes the very worst of head aches. The next commonest ailment is weak eyes, and necessity for glasses.—Exchange.

THE IDEAL.

We are unsatisfied and know not why,
We seek for the ideal of our dreams
And strive to reach it guided by the beams
Of truth and faith. Setting our standard high,
We struggle on, but when the prize is nigh
We find that it eludes us, and it seems
To beckon onward, mocking with its gleams
Like some bright mirage in the eastern sky.
With eyes blind to the glory here below,
Our thoughts forever turned away from earth,
We see no beauty round us, and the worth
Hidden in humble things we never know.
We grope and pass unheeding on the way
The good that we are seeking day by day.
—Donahoe's Magazine.

CAP'N TOM WOOLLEY.

Well, yes, sir, the young lady was a beautiful swimmer. Never seen a young lady as could swim out like she could. "Captain Tom 'Ooley," she'd used to say to me, "I just love the water." She come here every year. She said she never could take to anywheres like the coast of Cornwall. But after that last year she never come again. Seems as if Bill-o'-my-soul must have give her a distaste of the Cornish folk like.

Well, that's true what you say, sir. There ain't no sea anywheres like the sea here in Cornwall. It breaks, as you may put it, all so green as an emerald, round the stacks an skerries off Land's End an the Lizard. See it breaking yonder, sometimes in fine white foam, most as high as a lighthouse, round they granite peaks, an you wouldn't find nothing more beautiful, not if it was painted in oils by they artist gents at Newlyn. The channel—well, what's the channel, come to think of it, but a muddy river, in the manner of speaking, with the Seine and the Avon flooding it all with dirt an refuse. The North sea—no, nor the North sea ain't much better neither, through being filled with yellow clay by the mouths of Thames an Rhine an Humber. I know 'em all, bless your 'eart, as have sailed in coasting craft, man an boy, this fifty year an more, an being bred myself at Lyme Regis in Dorset, an a muddier sea you wouldn't want nowheres than that, though it's me that says it as oughtn't to say it, belying my own home, if I make bold to put it so, which is as tidy a little town as any in the country. But the open Atlantic, where it rolls right in, all blue an green an clear as crystal on they Cornish rocks—why, there ain't no water like it for pleasure of swimming in the British isles, not till a man comes round again to Caithness an Sutherland.

Our Joe—him as they calls the fisherman poet—he says it reminds him of a good woman's heart, it does. You look right down into the depths, as far as you can see, an it's all transparent, an it's all pure an innocent. That's the sea in Cornwall.

The young lady's name I was speaking of was Noe. She was a Miss Pryce of London, but through knowing of her so intimate like we always called her by her given name Miss Noe. She was at home with the children, you see, an my missus was fonder of her than of any other folks as ever took our lodgings, same as she might be with your good lady, sir, begging your pardon. She was a fine built young woman, too, was Miss Noe. See her clamber up the rocks, you'd say she was a goat; see her swim agin the waves, you'd say she was a seal; see her tell the little ones stories by the rocks at nights, you'd say she was one of these book writers, as it might be yourself, sir. Fine upstanding young lady, too, with a color in her cheek an a spring in her step, walking free across Mullyon moors the same as if they belonged to her.

Well, it wasn't long before we perceived Miss Noe was pretty good friends with a gentleman up to Brown's—Mr. Moore from Exoter. He was a nice young doctor, come to Kynance for his holiday, an when them two went out walking together, with her father an mother hanging about like for company, as is the way with parients, a finer young couple you'd never set eyes on. At the end of a fortnight my wife says to me "Tom," says she, "it ain't 'Mr. Moore' no more with our young lady; it's plain Alex this morning." His name being Alexander, it was Alex for short, as is the young 'twas all Alick or else Sandy.

"An a good thing, too," says I. "For a young lady like Miss Noe had ought to marry one as is her natural equal," says I, not meaning in birth alone, as is a thing I don't hold with, nor yet in money, as there ain't no counting upon, but a fine upstanding young lady, to my mind, deserves to be married to a fine upstanding young fellow. Or where'd the country get its soldiers and sailors from?

"An a handsome couple they'll make,' says my misses, being fond of Miss Noe.

Well, one of they days Mr. Moore—that's Alex—he went out swimming off the rocks by the cove, an Miss Noe, she was ashore sitting high on the cliff reading a book or something. But every now an again my wife sees her raise her head an looks out to sea anxious like after the heads bobbing about like buoys in the water. At last up she jumps an runs down to the cottage, all breathless. I could see in a minute her heart was in her mouth. "Oh, Cap'n Tom," she says, "Cap'n Tom, do look out at Alex! He's swimming over there, an it seems to me he's in some sort of trouble"—love having eyes as can see better'n a binocular.

Well, I gets down my telescope, an I fixes it upon him. He was a mile out to sea—a black speck on the water. I gets him well fixed. Sure enough, there he was, throwing his arms up wild an trying to make signs to the shore for help.

"Is it cramp?" says the young lady.

"Don't you believe it," says I. "There's a deal more nonsense talked about cramp in swimming nor there need be. A man can't swim forever," says I, "let him be so strong as you like," says I. "Tired out, that's what I calls it," says I. An tired out Mr. Alex was, sure enough, by the look of him.

"Oh, Cap'n Tom," says the young lady, "will you save him?" wringing her hands in a way that might melt a stone, let alone a Christian.

I was half way down to my boat by that time.

"Save him?" says I. "Is it saving of him? Bless your heart, if he warn't no friend of yourn at all—as man to man—I'd save him. Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, seeing Bill on the shore, "come and help mo," says I. "There's a gentleman drowning."

"Drowning?" says Bill running down an putting out. "Come on," says Bill "I'm with you." His name being Bill-o'-my-soul, along of his having been such a favorite when he was young with all the young women.

Well, we put off an rowed, Bill taking one of the sweeps—as is our name for they long oars—an me the other. After awhile it struck me we wasn't heading outward. I looked up and saw, an we was most turned toward shore agin. I'd pulled the boat round on Bill—which I didn't understand, he being then a stronger man nor me to pull—not but what when I was in my best days I'd have pulled a boat against any man in England.

"Bill," says I sharp, "you're not a-pulling."

He looked up at me rather odd. "Mate," says he quiet like, "I'm no fool. Now, what are you rowing for, the young fellow or the money?"

"Pull, pull, man!" I shouts out. "Pull, pull, I tell you! The gentleman's drowning—Miss Noe's young gentleman."

He pulls a stroke or two quite feeble. His heart wasn't in it. Then I loses my temper.

"Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, "am I cap'n of this here craft or are you? For unless you pull harder—I don't want no strong language here—but as sure as my name is Cap'n Tom 'Ooley I'll wring your ugly neck for you."

He holds up his sweep an says he: "Oh, is that your game?" says he. "An do you propose to compensate me?"

It flashed right across me what he meant. "Bill, you blackguard," says I, "do you mean to tell me—an a man there a-drowning? Have you no common humanity," says I, bristling up, "that you'd think of five pound afore a fellow creature?"

"Five pounds is a good bit better nor thirty bob," says Bill, looking at me sullenly.

Well, sir, I'd say it to your face, though your own father is a county councilor, I always thought that one as had a law as the county could make. But law it is, all the same, an there ain't no helping it. It's five pound reward for bringing in a dead corpse, an it's only thirty bob for bringing in a man alive as you save from drowning.

"Bill-o'-my-soul," says I, raising my sweep, being that angry with the man that I'd have knocked him over the head as soon as I would a rat, "will you row or shall I brain you?"

Just at that minute my eyes went toward the shore, an if there wasn't Miss Noe, not wringing her hands now, but plunging into the sea, clothes and all, though a lady with skirts, an swimming for dear life out to the boat to help me.

I up with my voice an shouts: "Come along, Miss Noe! You puts the men to shame! Blessings on you for a brave girl!" She was swimming that splendid.

Well, I rows toward her an helps her aboard into the boat, an in she jumps, all dripping, but taking no more notice of it, bless you, than if water was a feather bed to her. An she seizes the oar Bill-o'-my-soul wouldn't work, an she cries out to me, agonized like: "Row on, Cap'n 'Ooley, for heaven's sake, row on! Alex is a-drowning!"

Well, I wasn't going to carry a supercargo, as you may say, to weigh the boat, not yet a passenger for nothing, so, to lighten the burden, I just ups with Bill-o'-my-soul an I clasps un round the waist, being a older man nor him; but, heaven be praised, a strong one. He was took by surprise—too much to struggle—an I heaves un over afore he knowed where he was an makes a Jonah of him. He comes up spluttering, being the worst swimmer for a seafaring man as ever I met with. "There," says I, hitting out at him with the blade of my sweep, "see how you likes it yourself," says I. "There's five pound ageing begging for whoever pulls out your ugly corpse, for nobody ain't going to trouble about you living." An off we two rows, Miss Noe in her dripping clothes, an leaves Bill there to sink or swim, according as he was minded.

A quarter of a mile out we comes up to a sailing boat. Wind was nor'east, or might have been a p'int nearer east mayhap, an a sail before the wind could bear straight down upon where Mr. Alex was drowning. Miss Noe, she stood up and calls out to the men: "Over yonder," she cries, showing the way with her hand. "Quick, quick! He's drowning."

In a second they sees, an without one word off they goes, leftin that suddent I wouldn't 'a believed it if I hadn't seen it, an they flies before half a gale over in the direction of the gentleman. Well, he was done up for swimming through not having another kick in him, as you may say. But he was able to float on his back an might have floated an hour more, mayhap, if so be as the chill of the water didn't numb him an send him to the bottom. They come up to him an pulled him in. I could see them a-pulling of him, but whether it was thirty bob or £5 worth, I couldn't rightly make out for certain.

"Is it alive or dead?" says the young lady.

"Well," says I, "he do look rather limp," says I, "as is natural when you've been lying so long in the water. But I think it's alive. Anyhow, we'd better row back an get your things dried, miss."

"Oh, no," says she, crying. "I can't go back till I know. Cap'n 'Ooley," says she, "we must row on an meet them."

Well, I didn't quite like it, owing to the gentleman, perhaps, having nothing on, which Miss Noe hadn't thought of. Still, this being a matter of life an death, where such things can't be allowed to count, I rows on to meet them.

About a hundred yards off I stands up an shouts so as she shouldn't understand, "Is it a £5 job, mate, or a thirty bobber?"

An the young gentleman himself lifts himself up in reply, with one of the fishermen's jerseys on, an a sail wrapped round un, an he shouts at the top of his voice, waving his hand, "Alive, alive, Noe!"

I wanted to turn, then; but, bless you, there wasn't no keeping back that young lady. Afore I knowed where I was, at the sound of his voice, she'd stood up in the [illegible] swimming for dear life again to the sailing boat where her young gentleman was a-sitting.

He was most dead when she got there. He'd just had strength of mind to hold up till he could shout to her, an then he falls back, numblike an as white as death, till they gets him ashore again. There Bill-o'-my-soul was standing, spluttering an shivering, looking blue with cold an saying as how I'd done him out of £5, or anyways 30 shillings, through throwing of him overboard. They took the young gentleman up to his lodgings an gave him the regular thing—hot blankets an such an brandy, an by the end of the day he was pretty well right again. But the young lady, she didn't as much as catch a cold with it, an afore they left this place him an her was married. An when Bill-o'-my-soul come to hear that her father an mother wanted to give £10 apiece to the men in the boat an me, he was just that mad you could 'a' heard his language five houses off, an not choice language neither.—Exchange.

Her Love Explained.

He—If you did not love me, why did you encourage me?

She—Encourage you?

He—For two seasons you have accepted every one of my invitations to the theater, etc.

She—That was not because I loved you. It was because I loved the theater.—Strand Magazine.

HOW HE ERRED.

He Wanted to Defend Beauty In Distress, but Wasn't Needed.

The beauteous creature was in tears, and consequently the young man's blood boiled with indignation. Wouldn't beauty in distress make any impressionable youth's blood boil? Well, rather.

A great big hunk of a man had stopped her on the public street. He had addressed a few words to her at first, and as she tried to hurry past him without answering, he had roughly caught her by the arm.

"Le' me go!" she had cried, but the big brute had merely laughed and then said something to her in a low tone, at which she had burst into tears.

Clearly it was a case for intervention by any courageous gallant. Her tears were evidence that she had been grossly insulted, and her attempt to free herself from the big bully's grasp was additional proof that she stood in need of succor.

"Now, that'll do!" said the young man warningly in a loud and resolute tone.

The big brute stopped shaking the girl and looked at the young man in surprise, while the girl's astonishment was made evident by the way she opened her eyes and stared.

"She can hardly believe that she has a champion, poor thing," said the young man to himself, and his bosom swelled with pride until the buttons on his coat threatened to give way.

"Who yer talkin to?" asked the big brute after he had partially recovered from his surprise.

"You," replied the young man promptly, more determined than ever to make a bold stand and a good impression. "I cannot stand idly by and see you insult and bully a friendless girl—one who in every way is your superior. For every pang your disgraceful conduct has caused her I"—

"Climb his frame, Bill!" suddenly interrupted the girl. "Don't stand no gas from a spindle shanked dude what interferes with things that don't concern him, or I'll wade into him myself an teach him that I kin handle me own quarrels. Swipe him quick!"—Chicago Post.

The Impracticable Heathen.

Tommy—Paw, the Chinese invented gunpowder, didn't they?

Mr. Figg—Yes, but it never really amounted to much for killing purposes until the Christian nations took hold of it.—Indianapolis Journal.

If a snail's head be cut off and the body immediately placed in a cool, damp place, a new head will soon be grown.

DICKENS' GREATEST HERO.

An English Correspondent Thinks Sydney Carton Fills That Roll.

Who is the greatest hero created by Charles Dickens? Why, Sydney Carton. What did he do? Why, he laid down his life for his friend, and surely no man hath greater love than this. It is a peculiar paradox that claims the most unheroic hero of Dickens as the greatest. Yet there is little of the heroic in Sydney Carton when first we meet with him in "A Tale of Two Cities."

Briefly, Sydney Carton and a man named Darney, very like him in form and feature, fall in love with the same girl. She is French and loves Charles Darney, and Sydney takes his fate like a man. He has an interview with her, and when all is understood between them Sydney promises never to trouble her in that way again and accepts her friendship. He keeps his word wonderfully. Brilliant of mind and trained in the law, he is the catspaw of the jackal, of a big talker named Stryver, who makes his way in the courts and whose cases Sydney works up.

Meanwhile he is leading a dissolute life. Drunken and careless, he lives on, occasionally visiting the peaceful home of the woman he loves, now a happy wife and mother. Her husband is really descended from the French nobility, and his family have made themselves specially hated by the people of the great revolution, of which time the story treats. A humane visit by Darney to Paris is the opportunity of his being arrested as a vile aristocrat of the house of Evermonde. For months he is imprisoned, and after many trials finally condemned to die. His wife, his child, his father-in-law, are in Paris, powerless to save him, but careless, willful Sydney appears on the scene, and, by deftly playing checkmate to a spy, he obtains access to the cell of the condemned Darney. Sydney has taken precaution to obtain a drug and uses it upon Darney when the latter refuses to take advantage of his likeness to pass out of the prison house, leaving Sydney to meet the guillotine. Darney is carried senseless from the cell by the spy, who represents him as Carton overcome with grief for his friend.

And Sydney is left in the cell with a few minutes between him and death! Kind, good hearted, careless, lovable Sydney! And even then he thinks not of himself. He finds a poor little seamstress falsely accused of plotting, and helps her to die bravely. And then he is taken and killed, thinking of a greater sacrifice than his own. And when they looked at him dead it was said no sweeter face had fallen from the guillotine's blade. And no wonder. Well might Dickens' biographer say, "There is no grander, lovelier figure than the self wrecked, self devoted Sydney Carton in literature or history."—Newcastle (England) Chronicle.

Birds as Seed Carriers.

Two centuries ago the Dutch destroyed every nutmeg tree in the Moluccas in order to enjoy a monopoly of the business, having planted the trees in their own possessions. In spite of their most earnest efforts, however, the islands were constantly being restocked. For a long time the thing was a mystery, but at length it was solved.

The doves of that quarter of the world are of large size and readily swallow the seeds of the nutmeg. They traverse wide stretches of sea and land in a few hours and deposits the seeds not only uninjured, but better fitted for germination by the heat and moisture of the bird's system.

By a similar process thousands of acres of land have been covered with trees of different kinds, the birds acting as nature's agents in the dissemination of plants.

Darwin found in six grains of earth adhering to the feet of a plover three different kinds of seeds, and in mud sticking to the feet of ducks and geese shot in England he found the seeds of plants peculiar to the Victoria Nyanza, in central Africa, thus proving not only the extent of migration, but also the possibility of plants appearing in strange localities through the agency of these birds.

In the mud sticking to the feet of a Texas steer the seeds of five different kinds of weeds and grasses common in Texas were found by a microscopist after the arrival of the animal in New York.—Youth's Companion.

Excusable.

"I don't blame Martha one bit for not returning the engagement ring to him."

"Well, I do. How a respectable girl could keep an engagement ring after the engagement's off is beyond me."

"But in her case she was so anxious to have the engagement announced that she lent him the money to buy the ring."—Brooklyn Life.

They are so little you hardly know you are taking them. They cause no griping, yet they act quickly and most thoroughly. Such are the famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. Small in size, great in results. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill street.

—The Hotel Chalfonte, at Cape May, has been sold at Sheriff's sale, for $20,000.

Many lives of usefulness have been cut short by neglect to break up an ordinary cold. Pneumonia, bronchitis and even consumption can be averted by the prompt use of One Minute Cough Cure J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill street.

—The latest novelty in the way of strikes took place in Elizabethport, N. J., on Sunday, when fifteen of the twenty church ushers refused to perform their duty because the church officials would not discharge the chief usher.

Tetter, eczema and all similar skin troubles are cured by the use of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It soothes at once, and restores the tissues to their natural condition, and never fails to cure piles. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill street.

—Hunterdon county boasts of a young lady that would not consent to be engaged to a young man until he promised her the wedding-ring would be made out of silver instead of gold.

Many political speakers, clergymen, singers and others who use the voice excessively, rely upon One Minute Cough Cure to prevent huskiness and laryngitis. Its value as a preventive is only equaled by its power to afford instantaneous relief. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill Street.

—When drops of water stand on the outside of a pitcher, the air is full of moisture and a change of weather for the worse is impending.

Chronic constipation is a painful, disagreeable and life-shortening difficulty. It deranges the system, causes sick headaches, bad breath, and poisons the blood. It can be readily overcome by DeWitt's Little Early Risers. These little pills are great regulators. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill street.

—The Mount Holly Fair reports a deficiency of $3000 for this year's exhibition.

A hacking cough is not only annoying to others, but is dangerous to the person who has it. One Minute Cough Cure will quickly put an end to it. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill Street.

—The first public schools were opened in 1645 in Massachusetts.

Speed and safety are the watchwords of the age. One Minute Cough Cure acts speedily, safely and never fails. Asthma, bronchitis, coughs and colds are cured by it. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill Street.

—The Shah of Persia has a tobacco pipe worth $400,000.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is an antiseptic, soothing and healing application for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises etc., and cures piles like magic. It instantly stops pain. J. Edward Wright, 303 Mill Street.

FIGHTING A BOB-CAT.

Jim Berry's Experience In Close Quarters With a Wounded Lynx.

The ugliest appearing animal that ever walked a log, killed a rabbit or fought a trap is the lynx, which is just as ugly as it looks ten months in a year and somewhat uglier during the other two. Not only will the lynx fight anything that walks the woods, but it will also tackle a visitor from the clearings, be he man or dog or half grown calf, if the occasion offers.

Jim Berry, Shooting and Fishing says, was hunting up in Maine about 40 miles north of Greenville, when he and his friend came suddenly upon the carcass of a caribou which a bear was eating. The bear made itself scarce, much to Jim's regret, as he wanted to kill a bear. Without saying anything to his friend he left camp the next day and started for the carcass, intending to watch it in the hope that the bear would return. He waited and watched till about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when he began to think of returning to the camp. A soft footfall back in the woods, the crafty step of some wild animal, just then sounded in his ears. Pretty soon the beast was chewing the caribou meat, and Jim could see it plainly. He leveled his buckshot gun and pulled the trigger when the wabbling muzzle was pointed in what he thought was the right direction. The beast went down, and Jim started for it. Then he stopped with his mouth open.

The beast had leaped to its feet and jumped sideways with its back up. Jim knew the yell, and he also recognized the humped back. It was a wounded lynx spoiling for a fight. Not having time to level his gun to shoot, the man clubbed it, and the blow stunned the cat a little, but the beast got in a rake on the man's leg that tore his trousers and hide too. Another frantic sweep of the gun barrel laid the beast flat, and then a revolver bullet killed the animal. The buckshot had torn the top of the lynx's head—enough to make it angry.

Louisiana Safe for Bryan.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 3.—Indications point to Bryan carrying the state by 20,000 to 40,000.

WANAMAKER'S

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Nov. 9, 1896.

WOMEN'S COATS

There isn't such another stock of Women's Outerwear in this broad land. And we don't make one of the garments. The best commercial tailors in Europe and America contribute to the stocks. One maker would prosy in style—that's why we have all the best from the worldful at work for us. Choosing is hard—for there never were so many temptingly pretty coats to select from.

A price hint—

$5—Rough Cheviot Coats—tailor back; high rolling collar; full sleeves; seams all bound.

$6—Boucle-Astrakhan Coats—new reefer front; plaited back; high rolling collar; half lined with satin rhadame.

$8—Walking Coats of Frieze—box-reefer front; tailor back; seams all bound.

$8.50—Tailor-made Walking Coats of Covert Cloth—in the newest, prettiest shades of tan; shield front; rolling collar, slashed and inlaid with velvet; coat fastens with inlaid velvet strap; half lined with satin rhadame.

$10—Kersey Coats—new box front with buttons on fly; tailor back; inlaid velvet collar; lined with satin rhadame.

$10.50—Walking Coats of Kersey—double-breasted; fly front; trimmed with imitation marten; storm collar, fur trimmed; garments half lined with satin rhadame.

$13.50—Walking Coats of Black Kersey—newest fly front; 11 strap seams; 6 large pearl buttons; lined throughout with fancy silk.

WOMEN'S SHOES $2 60

But not $2.60 shoes. They're $4 shoes, and worth it. They are yours at $2.60 simply because the Philadelphia maker of them lost profits to keep running during a dull spell—giving us the shoes at less than last lot or next lot will cost.

Women's black Shoes of chrome-tanned kidskin, with oak tanned soles. Hand-sewed welts.

High Shoes—button and lace.

20th Century, or mannish shoes—button and lace.

AGATEWARE "SECONDS"

Every day lessens your chance to share in this distribution of Agateware Kitchen Utensils. They're "seconds"—but from beauty hurts, not hurts to goodness—and as a rule it takes an expert to find any flaw.

Cheaper than tin—because so durable; better than tin, because all foods are safely cooked and kept in agateware.

Coffee Pots—quart, 23c; 3-pint, 25c, and up to 8-quart at 80c.
Dish Pans—8-quart, 40c; 10-quart, 47c; 14-quart, 56c; 17-quart, 65c.
Butter Kettles, 50c, 60c and 67c.
Pie Plates, 8c, 9c, 11c.
Pudding Pans, 1½-quart at 13c; 2-quart at 15c and on up to 10-quart at 33c.

Let these hints stand for the stock.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

Farmers' National Bank of Bank Co

BRISTOL, PA., November 2nd, 1896.
The Board of Directors have this day declared a dividend of EIGHT PER CENT, payable on demand, clear of all taxes.
13-4t CHARLES E. SCOTT, Cashier.

Dr. C. E. King,
DENTIST,
202 Mill Street, Bristol,
(Over Pursell's Drug Store.)

Chrysanthemums.

The Queen of Autumn is now in all her glory. Gold and silver mums of all colors and shape. The new golden mum President McKinley. Beautiful plants of the above 50 cents each. Five hundred other nice plants 25 cents each. My show, which was such a success last year, is more than surpassed this year.

Blooms two feet in Circumference

on stems four feet long. Don't fail to see them this week. I am two weeks ahead of all competitors. Roses, carnations, double violets, etc., at prices within the reach of all.

J. T. DeWITT,
Progressive & Enterprising Florist,
Pond St., Bet. Walnut and Penn.

Pennsylvania Railroad Co.

Personally-Conducted Tours
Matchless in Every Feature.

CALIFORNIA.
The tours to California and the Pacific Coast will leave New York and Philadelphia January 27, February 24, and March 27, 1897. Five weeks in California on the first tour, and four weeks on the second. Passengers on the third tour will return on regular trains within nine months. Stop will be made at New Orleans for Mardi-Gras festivities on the second tour.

FLORIDA.
Jacksonville tours, allowing two weeks in Florida, will leave New York and Philadelphia January 26, February 9 and 23, and March 9, 1897. Rate, covering expenses en route in both directions, $50 from New York, and $48 from Philadelphia.

WASHINGTON.
Tours, each covering a period of three days, will leave New York and Philadelphia December 29, 1896, January 21, February 11, March 11, April 1 and 22, and May 13, 1897. Rates, including transportation and two days' accommodation at the best Washington hotels, $14.50 from New York and $11.50 from Philadelphia.

OLD POINT COMFORT
Tours returning direct or via Richmond and Washington will leave New York and Philadelphia December 26, 1896, January 23, February 20, March 18, and April 15, 1897.

For detailed itineraries and other information, apply at ticket agencies or address Geo. W. Boyd, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

STOCKHOLDERS' NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Merchants' and Mechanics' Building Association, of Bristol, Pa., for the election of officers for the ensuing year, will be held in the building adjoining the Delaware House, in Bristol, Pa., at 8 o'clock p. m., on Tuesday, November 24, 1896.
JOHN C. STUCKERT,
14-2t Secretary.

THE BEST RAG CARPET MADE TO ORDER.
Woolen stripes that will not cut. No other uses as good yarn. Call and see samples.
JAMES EWEN SMITH,
318 Wood Street, Bristol, Pa.

THE NEXT TRAIN
For Philadelphia stops near COUSINS' SHOE STORE, where there's a 5 dollar shoe for women which every fastidious Philadelphia woman is proud to wear. Take the next train to COUSINS'
SHOEMAKERS,
123 Chestnut St.,
.... Philadelphia.

Golf Bicycle Stockings,
THREE COLORS,
Brown, Grey, and Heather mixtures in large plaids at $1.00 per pair. The same goods sell at $1.50 per pair in Philadelphia and elsewhere.
A. F. Yeutter,
Merchant Tailor

Thinacura
FOR THIN PEOPLE.
ARE YOU THIN?
Flesh made with Thinacura Tablets by a scientific process. They create perfect assimilation of every kind of food, secreting the valuable parts and discarding the worthless. They make thin faces plump and round out the figure. They are the
STANDARD REMEDY
for leanness, containing no arsenic, and absolutely harmless.
Price, prepaid, $1 per box, 6 for $5.
Pamphlet, "How to Get Fat," free.
THE THINACURA COMPANY,
949 Broadway, New York.

R. BUSEMAN,
BREAD AND FANCY CAKE BAKERY
AND ICE CREAM SALOON,
Bath and Otter Streets, Bristol.
Weddings and Parties Supplied at Short Notice

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of DANIEL THOMPSON, late of the Borough, Bucks County, deceased.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate settlement, and all persons having legal claims against the said estate are requested to present the same in proper form, without delay, for settlement to
DANIEL J. THOMPSON,
Administrator d.b.n.c.t.a.
Or
GILKESON & WRIGHT,
Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of HANNAH DEVER, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks Co., Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims will present them in proper order for settlement, without delay, to
C. J. PATTON,
Administrator.
Or
GILKESON & WRIGHT,
Attorneys.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of MARY HAGERMAN, deceased, late of Bristol Borough, Bucks County, Pa.

ALL persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them without delay, in proper order for settlement, to
CASPER HAGERMAN,
Administrator.
Or
J. C. STUCKERT Attorney. 40-6t

ROAD VIEW.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned viewers appointed by the Court of Quarter Sessions of Bucks County, for the purpose of viewing a proposed new road in Middletown Township, Beginning in a public road known as Hulmeville Avenue, at a point near the intersection of the said Hulmeville Avenue with the Hulmeville Turnpike, and to end in a street or highway within the Borough of Hulmeville known as Walnut street, will meet at the intersection of Hulmeville Avenue and the Hulmeville Turnpike Road, on
Friday, the 6th Day of November, 1896,
at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of attending to the duties of their appointment.
CHARLES SAVAGE,
JOHN B. BUCKMAN,
J. P. HUTCHINSON,
Viewers.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF BUCKS COUNTY.

Anna Boland, by her next friend, Ernest Lawrence, vs. Francis Boland. | No. 2, November Term, A. D., 1896. Plurier Subpoena sur Divorce

Notice is hereby given to Francis Boland, the respondent, named in the above stated case, that a Court of Common Pleas will be held at Doylestown, Pa., in and for said County of Bucks, on **Monday, the 9th Day of November, 1896,** at 10 o'clock, A. M., at which time and place, you the said Francis Boland, the said respondent, are required to appear and answer the complaint of the said libellant, Anna Boland.
ALONZO NICHOLAS, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Doylestown, Pa., October 12, —4t

AN ORDINANCE

Regulating the curbing and guttering of both sides of Mifflin Street, from Bath Street to Linden Street.

The Burgess and Council of the Borough of Bristol do ordain:

SECTION 1. That the grade of Mifflin street shall be in accordance with and as shown by Plan No. 22 of the surveys of the Borough of Bristol.

SECTION 2. That the property owners on both sides of Mifflin street be and they are hereby required to curb and gutter in front of their respective properties within three months from the date hereof, in accordance with the said established grade and in accordance with the provisions of general ordinances regulating curbing and guttering.

SECTION 3. That the respective property owners on both sides of said Mifflin street be and they hereby are required to so shape and trim the surface of the ground between the curb line and the property lines that the water will run off into the gutter, and that foot passengers can easily pass along said part of said street.

Enacted into an Ordinance at the Council Chamber of the Borough of Bristol this 21st day of September, A. D., 1896.
B. C. FOSTER, President of Council.
J. WESLEY WRIGHT, Clerk.
Approved this 21st day of September, 1896.
RAYMOND P. BUSEMAN, Burgess.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE
Farmer's National Bank of Bucks Co.
At Bristol, in the State of Pennsylvania at the close of business, Oct. 6th, 1896.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	$159,468 65
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	50,000 00
U. S. Bonds on hand	6,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	394 62
Stocks, securities, etc	61,145 75

The Bucks County Gazette

BRISTOL POST OFFICE.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

In effect June 26, 1895.

NEW YORK AND EAST—Arrives at 7.15, 9.30, 10.10 A. M., 2.15, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 7.00 8.15 11.30 A. M., 5.30, 7.00 P. M. SUNDAYS—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. Closes at 9.00 A. M.

PHILADELPHIA AND WEST—Arrives at 7.15, 7.45, 9. A. M. 12.30, 4.30, 7.30 P. M. Closes at 6.15 8.15, 10.00 A. M., 1.30, 2.45, 6.02 P. M. SUNDAYS Arrives at 8.00 A. M Closes at 9.00 A. M.

NEWPORTVILLE—Arrives at 8.00 A. M. and 5.30 P. M.

EMILIE, OXFORD VALLEY, &c—Arrives at 9.10 A. M. Closes at 11.45 A. M.

NEWTOWN Stage arrives 11.40 A. M., leaves 1.00 P. M.

Woodburne stage arrives at 11 a. m. departs at 12.30 p. m.

Mails for the West and South go by every Philadelphia mail.

Post Office closes 8.00 P. M. Saturday, 8.30 P. M. Open Sunday from 8 to 9 A. M.

J. M. WINDER, P. M.

Location of

BOXES AND KEYS.

BRISTOL FIRE-ALARM TELEGRAPH.

24. Box at T. L. Leedom & Co.'s Carpet Mill Key at Thos. L. Leedom & Co.'s office.
25. Box at Dorrance and Canal Streets. Keys at Wilson & Fentmore Co.'s Paper Mill office, T. B. Harkins' Foundry Co.'s office, Sherman & Peirce's office.
26. Box at Edward T. Steel & Co.'s Mill. Keys at E. T. Steel & Co.'s office, Rolling Mill office, Electric Light Station, Fourth ward Hose House.
27. Box at Wm. H. Grundy & Co.'s Mill. Keys at Wm. H. Grundy & Co.'s office, Rolling Mill office.
34. Box at Doron's office, Radcliffe and Market Streets. Keys at Wm. E. Doron's office, James Wright's store, Police Station, Silbert's Hotel.
36. Box at Dorrance and Cedar Streets. Keys at Comfort's Livery Stable, L. J. Bevan's residence, Douglass' Drug Store.
43. Box at Young's Drug Store, Bath Street. Keys at Young's Drug Store, E. C. Brudon's residence, Wilson Randall's residence, S. W. Hayes' store.
45. Box at Buckley Street, east of Pine Street. Keys at Appleton's Mill office, Lewis Jones' Mill office, James Blanche's Saloon.
47. Box at Otter and Linden Streets. Keys at Gas House, Third ward Hose House, C. H. Lundall's residence, Chas. Youman's coal office.
56?. Box at America Hose Company House. Keys at America Hose House, Ticket office P. R. R., Joseph Wright's store, M. L. Hellyer's store.

☞ All Policemen and Night Watchmen carry Keys.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

BRISTOL LODGE, No. 23, FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.
Instituted 1780.
Meets Saturday on or before full moon at Masonic Building, Cedar street.
William S. Wright, W. M., Bristol,
Harry C. Evans, Secretary, Bristol.

HERMIONE LODGE, No. 169, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Instituted 1868.
Meets every Friday night in Pythian Hall
Pemberton Minster, Chancellor Commander,
Walter F. Hall, K. of R. and S.

HERMIONE COMPANY, No. 10, 3D REG. OF PENNA., UNIFORM RANK KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.
Instituted 1895.
Meets Thursday night at Armory in Pythian hall
William V. Leech, Captain Commanding,
V. V. Vansant Sir Knight Recorder.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 87, INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.
Instituted 1843.
Meets every Wednesday night in I. O. O. F. Building.
William Carson, Noble Grand,
Harvey S. Rue, Secretary.

MARTHA WASHINGTON CHAMBER, No. 2, KNIGHTS OF FRIENDSHIP.
Instituted 1853.
Meets every Thursday night in Washington Hall
William Haley, Sir Knight Marshal,
George Wright, Cor. Secretary.

JULIA P. SHADE CHAMBER, No. 5, COMPANIONS OF FRIENDSHIP.
Instituted 1880.
Meets every Wednesday night in Washington Hall
Mrs. Annie Appleton, W. C. C.,
Miss Dora Weygandt, Rec. Secretary.

H. CLAY BEATTY POST, No. 73, G. A. R.
Instituted 1877.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday night of the month in Washington Hall.
Thomas B. Harkins, Commander,
Wm. A. Barnhill, Adjutant.

H. CLAY BEATTY CIRCLE, No. 4, LADIES OF THE G. A. R.
Instituted 1883.
Meets every Thursday night in Washington Hall.
Mrs. Sarah Pearson, President,
Mrs. Hattie Vandegrift, Recording Secretary.

FIDELITY COUNCIL, No. 21, Jr. ORDER UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS.
Instituted 1882.
Meets every Thursday night at Mohican Hall.
George Callanan, Councilor,
Horace G. Young, Rec. Secretary.

NONPareil COUNCIL, ROYAL ARCANUM
Instituted 1887.
Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday night of the month in Washington Hall.
A. K. Joyce, Regent,
Wm. E. Doron, Secretary.

BRISTOL CASTLE, No. 409, KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.
Instituted 1895.
Meets every Tuesday night in Pythian Hall
George Buckley, Noble Chief,
John K. Young, Master of Records.

MOHICAN TRIBE, NO. 127, IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN.
Instituted 1870.
Meets every Monday night in Mohican Hall
William F. McMullin, Sachem,
Harry Daniels, Secretary.

NESHAMINY COUNCIL, No. 21, DEGREE OF POCOHONTAS.
Instituted ——.
Meets every Saturday night at Mohican Hall.
Mrs. Margaret Wright, Pocahontas.
Mrs. Fannie Daniels, Keeper of Records.

LIGHT OF LIBERTY LODGE, No. 135, AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.
Instituted 1884.
Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
James A. Jefferson, Worthy Master,
George W. Fisher, Rec. Secretary.

KEY OF LIBERTY LODGE, JR. ORDER AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION, No. 1.
Instituted 1892.
Meets 1st Saturday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
Josephine Rolls, W. M.,
Joseph Fisher, R. S.

GOLDEN KEY COURT, No. 3, AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.
Instituted ——.
Meets 3rd Wednesday night of the month in Mohican Hall.
Mrs. Jemima Spencer, Worthy Mistress,
Mrs. Mary E. Young, Rec. Secretary.

COURT ONWARD, No. 89, FORESTERS OF AMERICA.
Instituted 1883.
Meets every Tuesday night in Washington Hall.
James Lister, Chief Ranger.
R. B. Kelly, Financial Secretary.

BRISTOL DIVISION, No. 1, ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.
Instituted 1883.
Meets 1st Thursday night of the month in A. O. H. Hall, Corson street.
Patrick F. Fallon, President,
Thomas Clare, Secretary.

BRISTOL DIVISION, No. 107, SONS OF TEMPERANCE.
Instituted 1882.
Meets every Friday night in Washington Hall
Maggie Pritchard, Worthy Patriarch,
George J. Shoppard, Recording Scribe

BRISTOL CASTLE, No. 103, ANCIENT ORDER KNIGHTS OF THE MYSTIC CHAIN.
Instituted 1883.
Meets every Monday night in Washington Hall
Andrew Robinson, Commander,
J. C. Adams, Rec. Secretary.

GEO. J. SHEPPARD, COMPANY G., 2ND REGIMENT, ANCIENT ORDER KNIGHTS OF THE MYSTIC CHAIN.
Instituted 1890.
C. Adams, Captain,
Wm. R. Holt, Orderly Sergeant.

BRISTOL TEMPLE, No. 60, LADIES OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.
Instituted 1895.
Meet in Washington Hall every second and fourth Monday night.
Mrs. Ella A. Mackie Noble Templar,
Mrs. Hattie Vandegrift, Guardian of Records

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

In effect October 13, 1895

Leave Bristol for Phila. (Broad St.), *2.45, 5.37, 6.12, 6.51, 7.21, 7.41, *8.14, 8.21, *9.19, 9.51, *10.29 A. M. 12.03, 12.49, *1.14, *2.03, 3.10, 4.02, 4.57, 5.16, 5.43, 6.30, *6.46, *7.44, 8.30, 9.27, *11.03 P. M.

Sunday trains, *2.46, 7.00, *8.11, 9.00, *10.29 A. M. *12.04, 12.54, 5.02, 5.36, 7.21, 8.00, 8.50, 9.28, *11.03 P. M.

Leave Phila. (Broad St.), for Bristol, 12.01, *3.20, 5.08, 6.28, *6.50, 7.34, 8.33, *9.09, 9.33, *11.14 A. M. 12.01, 1.04, 1.50, 2.43, 3.32, *3.52, 4.29, *5.00, 5.19, 5.29, *6.00, 6.02, 6.41, 7.27, 9.1, 10.09, 11.17 P. M.

Sunday trains, 12.01, 7.40, *8.35, 9.06, 11.17 A. M. 2.02, 5.20, 6.00, *6.26, *6.35, 7.27, *8.32, *11.06, 10.25 P. M.

(*) Express trains.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent at the station.

M. PRIDMORE, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

THE TYBEE STATE STEAMBOAT CO.

Steamer Florence

leaves Bristol for Philadelphia at 8.30 a. m. Leaves Philadelphia for Bristol at 2.30 p. m. Foot of Pine and Philadelphia at Pier 8. North Wharves, above Arch Street.

UPPER DELAWARE RIVER TRANSPORTATION COMPANY.

In effect Sept 28 1896

Steamers Columbia, John A. Warner, Twilight and Trenton.

Leave Bristol for Philadelphia, 7.15 a.m
Leave Philadelphia for Bristol, 2 p. m.

Commencing Monday, August 3, Steamer Twilight will make daily trips between Philadelphia and Trenton, stopping at Bristol. For time of leaving see Philadelphia and Trenton daily papers.

ROYAL WORCESTER WARE.

Methods Used From the Clay to the Last Touch of the Artist.

Close beside Worcester cathedral are the ugly workshops and tall chimneys of the Royal Porcelain works. When we watch the thrower molding on his magic wheel the plastic clay, we are filled with wonder at his skill and ask ourselves whence came the clay which takes so readily any form the potter wills, says an English paper. The flint bowlders found upon the plains of Brittany in France, feldspar from Cornwall and Sweden, bones from America, besides other things, all pay tribute. These unlikely constitutents are calcined and then ground exceedingly fine in mills. The grinding takes from 12 hours to 6 days. It is a sight worth seeing those powerful mills racing round the deep trough made out of stone from Derbyshire, weighted with heavy blocks, churning each material—for each is ground separately—into a thick white cream. When finished, the liquids are strained through fine sieves, and all particles of iron withdrawn by means of magnets. The different ingredients are then mixed together in proper proportions and kneaded into the required consistency, and then the clay is ready for the thrower.

The art of molding clay has become much more exact since the employment of plaster of paris molds. After the thrower, with the help of his wheel, has roughly shaped the clay into what is termed the lining, it is taken off the wheel and put into a plaster of paris cast, which in turn is placed upon the whirling wheel, and the lining is then deftly molded to the exact shape. As plaster of paris absorbs moisture quickly, the lining is soon firm enough to be handled. It is then turned like ordinary wood or metal, and has handles, which have been molded in plaster of paris, fixed by the same clay. It was always a puzzle to our minds how the handles were induced, not only to stick on to the jugs and cups, but to bear the weights of the same cups and jugs when full of liquid. The porcelain is then ready to be baked. For this it is packed in fireproof baking dishes called seggars and supported on every side by powdered calcined flint. These seggars are made to fit exactly one upon the other, although they are of different sizes and depths, and they are arranged in columns side by side in the oven. This oven is then bricked up, and eight fires are lighted and kept burning for 48 hours night and day. The oven takes four days to cool, and then the contents are unpacked and are ready for a variety of processes.

Most of the china is glazed—an operation requiring care and skill. The articles are bathed in the liquid glaze—a muddy looking broth—and the greater part of the superfluous glaze shaken off. But it is impossible to free them perfectly. Besides the fingers leave marks which have to be removed after the glaze has been dried in a hot room. Women and girls are employed for this work. The ivory glaze is a delicate salmon pink before it is baked, the white a dark drab. After it is glazed, the pottery, for the second time, is packed in seggars and baked. After this the colored china is painted and baked again. The gold is also baked in. Few people know that the gilt on china is the purest gold that can be bought. It is ground with mercury and turpentine into a black looking paint and applied with a fine camel's hair pencil. Boys are trained for this work from 14 years of age, it being nearly impossible for older people to acquire the accuracy of eye and hand necessary. It is a great drawback to the production of artistic pottery that the coloring is totally different in the paint from the result after burning. For instance, gold paint is black before and dull gold afterward. The brightness is produced by polishing it with an agate. Other colors are obtained from metallic oxides. Iron gives red; cobalt, blue, etc.

Caller—They tell me, Mrs. Sourly, that your husband is a bull on the board of trade?

Mrs. Sourly—Don't know anything about that, but I do know that he's a bear at home.—Detroit Free Press.

Time is kept at sea by watches. Each watch is four hours long, and every half hour is marked off by strokes upon a bell. Thus half past 8 is one bell, and 12 is eight bells, half past 12 one bell, and so on.

The ratable value of London has increased during the past five years by over two and three-quarter millions sterling.

Champion Shot of the World.

Miss Annie Oakley writes; "Myself and many of the Buffalo Bill Wild West Co. have given Allen's Foot-Ease, the powder to shake into the shoes, a most thorough trial, and it does all if not more than you claim." It instantly takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for swollen, hot, aching or sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent free. Address ALLEN S. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

From Sire to Son.

As a Family Medicine Bacon's Celery King for the Nerves passes from sire to son as a legacy. If you have Kidney, Liver or Blood disorder do not delay, but get a free sample package of this remedy at once. If you have Indigestion, Constipation, Headache, Rheumatism, etc., this grand specific will cure you. Harry H. Headley the leading druggist, is sole agent and is distributing samples free to the afflicted. Large packages 50c and 25c.

To Offer a Reward of 100 Dollars

for a case of catarrh that cannot be cured, amounts to nothing except to sell article. Do you know of any such reward being paid? Ely Bros. do not promise rewards in order to sell their well-known "Cream Balm." They offer the most effective medicants, prepared in convenient form to use, which is absolutely free from mercurials or other harmful drugs.

One Way to be Happy

Is at all times to attend to the comforts of your family. Should any one of them catch a slight Cold or Cough, prepare yourself and call at once on Harry H. Headley, sole agent and get a trial bottle of Otto's Cure, the great German Remedy, Free. We give it away to prove that we have a sure Cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Large sizes 50c and 25c.

SUNLIGHT TWIN BAR SOAP
SAVES MONEY

HIS APPOINTMENT.

EXTRAORDINARY EXPERIENCES OF A SEEKER AFTER OFFICE.

The Consul at Tingaling Had Some Difficulty In Locating His Post and In Ascertaining What His Salary Was—Became Popular While Waiting at the Capital.

In this matter of fact narrative dates are not important. It makes no difference to the reader whether the following incidents occurred this year or ten years ago.

When I made up my mind to apply for a federal office, I went out of business and devoted my entire time to the matter in hand. Everybody signed my application, and my congressman was confident that it would be successful. I had worked hard for the administration, and the leaders of my party said that my services deserved some recognition.

Three months rolled by, and I found that no progress had been made. My congressman wrote to me frequently, and the president replied encouragingly to one of my letters. But my appointment was delayed, and in the meantime I was using up my small capital.

My friends advised me to go to Washington, where I could push my interests better, and as this seemed reasonable I packed up and went to the Capital City.

In a very short time I was on intimate terms with hundreds of politicians and officeholders. My intercourse with them was very pleasant. They all took an active interest in my appointment and talked it over with me at our lunches and suppers.

Of course I footed the bills for those little outings.

At the end of two months my congressman rushed into my room one day in a state of excitement.

"Here is your appointment," he said hurriedly, "and I can tell you that it took slick work to get it. You will never know, old fellow, how much I went through to get it for you."

I thanked him nervously and opened the big document. It was my commission as consul at Tingaling.

For five minutes I glanced over the paper in silence, and then I ventured a question.

"Colonel, I would like to know why this place was given to me instead of the post I asked for?"

"Because you were considered the best man for it," was the reply. "I am not at liberty to say more."

This was complimentary, and I felt grateful to the administration for studying my case so closely.

"How much is the salary?" was my next question.

"Oh, I don't know," was the answer, "that will be all right. I must go to the house now. See you later."

"Hold on, colonel," I shouted. "Where is Tingaling?"

"Such a question!" replied the colonel with a laugh. "Don't ask it again. Everybody knows where Tingaling is."

He walked off before I could say another word, and I at once got my atlas and tried to hunt up my new post. A search of two hours failed to find it on any map, and I closed the book without knowing whether my consulate was in Europe, Asia, Africa or South America.

This was disappointing, but I felt better when the afternoon papers came out. They announced my appointment and said very nice things about me. None of them, however, stated where Tingaling was located.

The next day I called at the state department and went through the usual formalities made necessary by my commission.

"By the way, where is Tingaling?" I asked the secretary.

He looked at me thoughtfully for a moment.

"Well, that is a singular question," he said. "Everybody ought to know where it is. Your commission tells you."

"No, it says Tingaling, island of Tingaling."

"A clerical oversight," said the secretary. "We'll have it corrected when McGosh returns."

"What is the salary, Mr. Secretary?"

"I don't know, but that will be all right. When McGosh returns next week, he will tell you all about it."

The great man waved his hand, and I took my departure.

All that week I haunted the hotels and newspaper offices, asking for information about Tingaling. Nobody knew anything definite, and all agreed that I would have to wait for McGosh.

Once in my desperation I visited the president. I thanked him for my appointment and begged him to tell me where I was to go.

He looked at me in astonishment.

"You will get your instructions at the state department," he answered curtly.

I left, more perplexed than ever, but that very day I was lucky enough to meet a sea captain who knew the location of Tingaling. He informed me that the island was on the coast of China and was claimed by both the French and Chinese. The French gave it a different name, and that was why I had failed to find it on the map. This was also the reason why so little was known about it at the state department.

McGosh returned the following week, and I cornered him.

"Tingaling," he said, "belongs to France one day and China the next. The next steamer will let us know its present status. You are to be congratulated. The island has a delightful climate, and the natives live to be 100 years old."

"And the salary?"

"I will find out. Call again next week."

McGosh made me feel better, and during the next few days I lunched my friends and had a good time. The newspapers had a good deal to say about the new consul at Tingaling, and altogether I enjoyed myself and began to appreciate my position.

My second visit to McGosh rudely ended my pleasant dream. This time he was very cold and businesslike.

"You are expected to leave next week for Tingaling," he said. "Your post pays no salary, but the fees amount to about $80 a year. You can live on that if you follow the customs of the natives. The French and Chinese are fighting there now, but you can probably keep out of trouble."

"I shall resign," I blurted out angrily.

"Very well, resign," was the cold blooded reply.

That night I quarreled with my congressman and took a homeward bound train. My resignation was sent in and accepted, and I gave up political life forever.

The idiot who succeeded me at Tingaling died of cholera a week after he landed.—Atlanta Constitution.

Anastasius I, emperor of the east, was known as the Silent, from his taciturnity. The same title has been given to William I, stadthulder of Holland

Professional Skill.

"Did you hear about that Russian count who wanted to marry Mame Bullion?"

"No. What about him?"

"Why, he used to sit and hold er hand by the hour, and yet nobody suspected him."

"Suspected him of what?"

"Why, he isn't a count at all. He's just a manicure artist."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BENEFITS OF SLEEP.

Complete Bodily Rest and Rejuvenation as Good as Change of Scene.

It is suggested that what some people want is sleep holidays. They do not need to go to watering places and summer hotels and to be entertained by a round of gayety, with a band always playing. The apostles of the new method say that many people would be benefited if they just went to bed and slept for lengthened periods, and that they might do well to take holidays in just that way. They affirm that as a rule men and women and children do not get sleep enough, and that the old adage, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise," needs changing. There need be no reference to early rising in it. For "early to rise" it might be "late to rise."

The advice of that old saw was concocted, they say, in days when there were no express trains, no telephones, no telegraphs, no hurry. Where is the use of telling people to get up early whose brains are racked by anxiety and worry and who are being burned up by the ever increasing rate at which things have to be done?

The proper thing to say to them is to get as much sleep as they possibly can on every possible occasion. The suggestion of occasional sleep holidays, when worried people of this kind could temporarily shuffle off their mortal coil, is on this understanding quite intelligible. There would be no difficulty in making arrangements to carry the scheme out. The proprietors of the summer resorts would no doubt be glad to provide accommodation for any number of somnolent guests.

The prevailing question would not be "What is there for dinner?" but "Is my bed ready?" There would be memoranda as to the length of time sleep had been indulged in or was desired to continue. "Mr. A. came on Saturday; he is to be called on Wednesday night." "Mrs. B. will sleep for one week," etc. No doubt if the fad were started establishments would vie with each other in the perfection of their sleeping preparations, and we should be told that absolutely unbroken repose for any desired period could be obtained.

Joking apart, however, there may be something in the contention that a greater amount of sleep is required by people nowadays—especially brain workers—than was formerly the case. Nicola Tesla, the electrician, is credited with saying that he believes a man might live 200 years if he would sleep most of the time. That is why negroes often live to advanced old age—because they sleep so much. He also alluded to the current report that Mr. Gladstone now sleeps 17 hours every day. There is something distinctly pleasant in the idea of an old age of such commanding intellect being kept vigorous by the simplest of remedies. But the worst of precepts, like those of modern apostles of sleep, is that their instructions will be taken advantage of by the lazy and brainless as an excuse for inactivity for which they should have no manner of warrant, either in the development of their brains or the delicate adjustment of their nervous systems. When the professional tramps read of Gladstone we shall find stacks of them asleep by the roadside.—Toronto Mail and Express.

Sewage and Farm Products.

Utilizing sewage for fertilizers has been a favorite idea of a good many scientists. But there is a good deal of prejudice against the use of such material on farm and garden lands, and this, too, with most excellent reason. It has been decided, after long continued experiments, that while a certain amount of sewage can be used to advantage too much is not only not profitable, but positively dangerous to health and life. Sewage saturated lands cannot produce sweet and wholesome grains and grasses, and animals fed from sewage contaminated vegetation cannot furnish the delicate and nutritious meats in which epicures delight. Such meats will have a rank and strong taste, sometimes a disagreeable odor, and will be quite likely to cause serious intestinal derangements. If sewage is used, it must be intelligently and knowingly handled and should be mixed with earth, lime and potash and allowed to remain in heaps until such time as the objectionable elements have disappeared, or become so changed or weakened by the various processes of fermentation through which they pass that they will not convey poisonous germs through the earth to the grasses, and through them to the cattle that feed upon them.—New York Ledger.

Forgot to Skin Him.

"I have always prided myself on my ability as a cook," said C. T. Whitmore of Atlanta, "but I found one thing that I could not cook. When I am at home, I frequently prepare the fancy dishes for dinner, although we have a colored woman in the kitchen who is as good a cook as one generally finds. She never interferes with me when I take a notion to trespass upon her territory. One of my specialties is cooking fish. I had some friends stopping with me who went fishing. Among other things they brought home an eel. I had never tried to cook an eel and did not care to acknowledge the fact, so went at it as though I cooked them every day. One necessary step I did not take. I did not skin it. I baked the eel for two hours and was very proud of my success. It certainly did look appetizing when placed on the table. But as soon as the guests were all seated that eel started out of the dish and across the table. The ladies fled, and I threw him out of the window. I now believe all the stories I hear about an eel's tenacity of life."—Washington Star.

A Practical Joker.

They tell a good story of a minister well known in Glasgow. Some time ago he took a short vacation and went on a fishing excursion to a lake not far from the city. While he was away he happened to leave his wagonette near a place where some bibacious fellows were having a jolly picnic. A friend who accompanied him saw a chance for a practical joke, and when the minister's back was turned he hoisted an empty beer keg into the end of the wagonette and covered it up with some cloths.

When the two returned from their trip, the practical joker got out of the carriage some time before they reached the parson's home, and as he did so deftly pulled away the covering from the beer keg, leaving it standing in bacchanalian dignity in plain sight of all who might care to see.

So the minister drove on home to his residence, meeting no end of parishioners, who gazed aghast at that empty, inarticulate, but million tongued accuser of their pastor. It took no end of explanation to straighten matters out.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Crusty Comment.

"Your daughter says that if she cannot marry me she will marry no one."

"That's just what she would do should she marry you," roared the old gentleman.—Detroit Free Press.

A chemist advises that canned fruit be opened an hour or two before it is used. It becomes richer after the oxygen of the air has been restored to it.

Those conversant with the seed oyster business in Connecticut say that the season which is now at its height is the best for the last five years. It is estimated that 1,000,000 of Connecticut seed oysters will be sold.

THE FOX A HAPPY OUTLAW.

In Spite of Traps and Guns He Thrives on the Fat of the Land.

The fox is an outlaw whose scalp is valuable in many states, and to kill a fox on a farmer's land, more especially near a farmer's henroop, is to gain the good will of the farmer. But in spite of the continuous search for it by canine and human enemies, in spite of bounties, traps and maledictions, the fox comes out smiling every evening along toward dark and wends its way across the fields, listening with cocked ears for the squeak of a mouse or the flutter of a dreaming bird in a low bush.

Keen eyed and sharp nosed, the fox discovers what no other animal of the clearings and woods sees. Where the owl would pass by, not thinking that a ground bird was near, the fox eats the ground bird. The weasel alone is so destructive to mice, the cooper's hawk so deadly to small birds, and the white owl and wildcat scarcely equal the bushy tailed, smiling fox when it comes to picking partridge wings and rabbit ribs. Even the fawn deer are destroyed by the fox if the old doe is not around. The fox is a good purveyor of food for its young, and it lays in a supply that lasts a long time if need be. Near old Hadden, Conn., the other day Arthur S. Burr was going across a field when he found a partly eaten woodchuck and a little beyond a ruffed grouse. Nearby was a fox's burrow with a large black hen and two more ruffed grouse in the entrance. The man dug the fox hole out, since the town of Hadden pays $2 a head for the foxes, and discovered there eight partridges, three rabbits, a woodchuck and five young foxes. It is probable that the mother was away after meat.

The fox is a playful creature. With a full stomach and no danger in sight it will gambol about for hours, jumping sideways and up and down, waving its big tail aloft and barking for the fun of it. Sometimes it gets so interested in its sport that it fails to notice the approach of man. When so detected, it does not lose its self possession a little bit. The corners of its mouth twitch a little, and then it trots away with its head up and tail dragging, as if it didn't care whether the man was there or not; but once it gets behind a bush, rock or log, or over a little knoll out of sight, its head drops and away the beast goes, with its tail straight out behind.

Tales are told of foxes that defy the traps of men, but these foxes are all in the clearings, or near them. Back in the woods, where the foxes have not been educated, it is less difficult to get one into a trap than to trap a deer or wolf.—New York Sun.

COAL SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

Extraordinary Increase of World's Consumption During the Century.

In 1807, about the time the steam engine was invented, the consumption of coal in Great Britain was some 6,500,000 gross ton a year. It had risen to 27,000,000 tons in 1816; to 50,875,000 tons in 1859; to 84,042,608 tons in 1860; to 119,875,525 tons in 1870; to 146,969,489 tons in 1880; to 181,614,288 tons in 1890, and to 188,277,525 gross tons (210,870,828 net tons) in 1894. The result of the discussion on the subject of the duration of the coal supply of Great Britain was the conclusion that if the output increases in the same ratio as it has for 20 or 30 years, the coal will be exhausted in a little over a century. These estimates are now regarded as excessive, as it is conceded that there is in each nation a limit to industrial development, which, without considering the great economies in the use of fuel, will also limit the expenses of coal production. Mr. Gruener places this limit for England at 250,000,000 tons, which supposes a mining population of 1,000,000 miners and a working population of 5,000,000.

In the United States the production of coal has been increasing in a much greater ratio than in Great Britain. We cannot go back to the eighteenth century and give figures of production of coal, nor is that necessary in order to indicate how enormous has been the increase in its production and consumption in the United States. At the tenth census, 1880, the production of coal in the United States is reported at 71,481,570 net tons; at the eleventh census, 1889, it had risen to 141,999,613 net tons, nearly double, and in 1893, according to the report of E. W. Parker of the United States geological survey, it was 182,859,774 net tons, an increase of more than 2½ items in 13 years, doubling about every 5 years.

Similar increases could be shown for the other great coal producing countries, as Belgium, Germany, Austria, France and Russia. The world's demands for heat and power are increasing marvelously, while the world's supply of coal is a definite quantity, and it is an evident proposition that with the exhaustion of its coal not only will the power and influence of a nation decline, but even its existence may be imperiled.—Cassier's Magazine.

Will Oats Turn to Barley?

The question of "transmutation of species" in the vegetable world has been discussed in all the scientific journals of this and foreign countries since the time when the mind of man began to inquire into cause and effect, or at least since such journals were first established. It has been repeatedly asserted that "wheat will turn to cheat;" also, but less frequently and less positively, that oats will turn to barley, and vice versa. This "curious fact in nature" has always been scoffed at by the scientists because it is inconsistent with preconceived theories. Now it appears that there is no doubt whatever that such transformation occasionally takes place. A gentleman whose name and place of residence are given in one of the leading London papers carefully planted some picked grains of oats in a box of sifted soil. When the plants were a foot in height, he cut them down to an inch of the roots. This process was three times repeated that year, and some of the roots died; but others survived, and the next year—wonder of wonders—they yielded—not oats, but barley! The yield was, indeed, perfect barley, rather thin and unnatural in grain, but by no means of a bad type.—St. Louis Republic.

The True Histrionic Test.

"There," said the super as the great tragedian strode toward the dressing room, "goes a man that has a cinch. Plays the same thing over and over every night. Just let him be a noble Roman soldier one night, a horny handed workingman the next, and mebbe a Swiss villager at matinees, and I wonder would he come out any better'n me?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Enormous tracts of Africa, especially the region between the Kongo and Shari basins, and much of the area inclosed by the great northern curve of the Niger, remain unexplored. There is also unappropriated territory to the extent of 1,584,398 square miles.

Curious Belgian Competitions.

The Belgian artisan spends his leisure in a very novel manner. He breeds a special cock for crowing, and that which can outcrow its fellows has reached the highest pinnacle of perfection. The modus operandi is to place the cages containing the roosters in long rows, for it appears that propinquity creates the spirit of emulation without which the proceedings would fall flat. A marker appointed by the organizers of the show is told off for each bird, his duty being to note carefully the number of crows for which it is responsible in the same fashion as the laps are recorded in a bicycle race. The customary duration of the match is one hour, the winner being the cock which scores the highest number of points in the allotted time. A great number of these competitions have recently taken place in the Liege district, and in some cases heavy bets have been made on the result.—London Tit-Bits.

Horticultural.

"That man in the next flat calls his lively wife 'Blossom.'"

"Great Scott! How inappropriate!"

"What makes you say so?"

"Blossoms shut up when the sun goes down."—Chicago Record.

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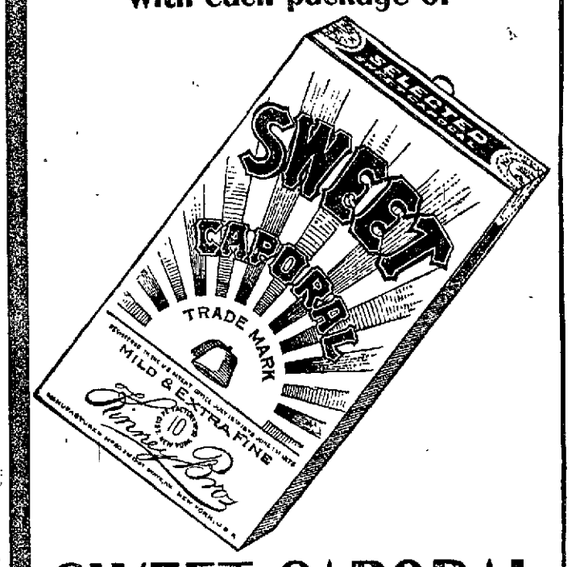

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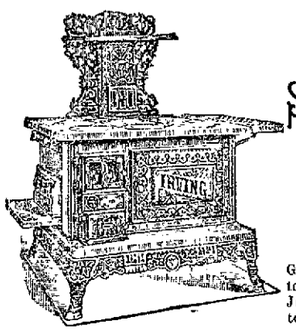

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BACKWARD GLANCES.

There's no mistake—we're no'er too old to turn
some backward glances
An dream an dream an dream awhile among
life' first romances.
So I, though gray, oft keep my gaze upon the
past land strainin
As Daniel with his window oped that faced
the hills of Canaan.

It's like a jaunt to some new clime to leave
the city's bustle
An wander by the old, old rills an hear the
old trees rustle.
An in our fancy mootin them we'll meet again
there never,
Half wishin life was done that we might be
with them forever.
—W. T. Hale in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

THE GOLDEN ROSES.

A glowing southern sun bathed the drowsy old garden in a flood of molten gold. The milky yucca blossoms mingled their beauty with that of the flaunting scarlet of the cactus. The orange and fig trees hung their luscious fruit within tempting distance, while over the thick white adobe wall, across the trellis before the house and up to the senorita's bedroom window, climbed in a riot of yellow splendor the superb Gold of Ophir rose tree, famous along the entire coast.

Never was there such another rose tree. Its limbs were as thick as a man's arm and its blossoms were great, glorious nests of color and perfume. It bloomed the entire year—bloomed for offerings before Our Lady's shrine in the old mission; bloomed for weddings and funerals; for the tourist who paused at the senorita's gate to wonder and exclaim at the marvel, and for the senorita herself.

The senorita was straight and tall and slender. Though the gray was beginning to creep in her dusky hair and the telltale wrinkles were seaming her forehead, she yet was a handsome woman, with the same Andalusian features, the soft, speaking eyes, the clear olive skin, her beautiful mother had brought from Spain years ago.

In the tiny, low ceilinged drawing room, immaculate as a sanctuary, with its snowy matting, its wooden blinds, its sanded thresholds, among the images of the martyrs and the pictures of the blessed saints, hung a portrait of the senorita, painted when she was 18. She wore, as became her station, a silken gown and a string of pearls about her throat. Over the superbly molded shoulders a bertha of rare lace was thrown and in her hands she held a Gld of Ophir rose—the first one ever plucked from the bush before her door.

Every afternoon when the senorita had finished her household duties, before she sat down to the dainty drawn work which was a part of her daily occupation, and from which she derived a modest income, it was her custom to enter the drawing room, and, after adjusting the blinds so that the sunlight would touch the portrait gently, to stand before it intently regarding her own lost youth.

"Madre di Dios," was the murmured exclamation, "but it was long time ago—long—time—ago!"

There was always a vase of golden roses on a little stand before the portrait. When the senorita's gaze left the picture, it fell upon the flowers. With a gentle sigh she would pensively touch the petals with caressing fingers, then silently and like a ghost slowly glide from the room.

This was the little shrine at which the senorita worshiped, loved and remembered. Every day were these unostentatious ceremonies repeated. Every day her gentle voice murmured, "Madre di Dios, but it was long time ago—long—time—ago!"

Years before, when the senorita had been young, a beauty and the belle of the little Spanish-American settlement, up at the Presidio there had been a gallant young lieutenant who fell desperately in love with the charming Spaniard. Their courtship amid the myrtle and orange groves under the warm moonlight of the southern region in the sheltered nooks along the white beach had been ideal. Both young, ardent and madly in love, their affection became a bit of local pride. "May you love as Ygnacia," was the blessing mothers whispered to their daughters and "May the saints send you another lieutenant" brought the blood into the cheeks of the senorita's girl companions.

Once when the lieutenant returned from Santa Barbara, whither he had been sent on important military business, he brought to his sweetheart a tiny rosebush, which he planted before her door.

"Ygnacia," he whispered as he caught her slim hands in his and bent his bold, blue eyes upon her blushing face, "my love for you will be perennial, like this bush, and sweet as its blossoms."

But alas for the pledges of passion! The lieutenant was one to love and ride away. Ere the roses had bloomed the third year he had departed—departed with fervent vows and promises of a speedy return. But the long, burning summers, the slow, dreary winters, drifted by and he never came. The tiny bush grew to be a lordly tree, and never did the senorita cut a rose for the mission, the bride or for the dead that she did not see that handsome face, those bold, tender eyes, and hear again those passionate words, "My love will be perennial like this bush and sweet as its blossoms."

She heard of him now and then—the famous Indian fighter, then the major, the colonel, at last the great general, whose name was honored throughout the land. Then came the news of his marriage to a celebrated belle and heiress.

The rose tree was growing and blooming, but hope was dead in the heart of the senorita.

Year after year she lived her simple little life in the old adobe cottage of her ancestors. One by one her friends passed away. To the senorita were left only her rose garden and memory. The Gold of Ophir rose tree climbed to her window and thrust its great yellow blossoms into her room. Each perfect flower seemed to challenge her attention and to cry: "Look at me, Ygnacia. I am sweet as was his love for you." And the senorita, growing graver and older and plainer every day, kissed the rose and murmured, "Madre di Dios, but it was long—time—ago!"

It was a great day for the sleepy little Spanish town when the railroad came; greater when the rich syndicate built the magnificent hotel. Then came the electric cars, rushing and clanging before the senorita's rose garden. Inquisitive tourists poked their noses over her wall, and seeing her wonderful rose tree begged to be allowed to enter. The senorita received these visitors with sweet serenity and gracious hospitality. No one went away empty handed. The golden roses were bestowed with prodigality upon any who begged the gift.

Our Lady's shrine was always decorated with the great blossoms, and ever before the portrait of the senorita in the tiny drawing room stood her offering to her own lost youth.

One evening the senorita sat under the Gold of Ophir rose tree. In her hands she held a cluster of her favorites. As she inhaled their fragrance her thoughts were as ever busy with the past. Again she saw her lover, straight, manly and tender, standing before her, heard his whispered vows and felt his kisses on her cheeks and lips.

The garden gate clicked and swung open. Two people advanced slowly and uncertainly through the gathering dusk—a man and a woman, young, fashionably dressed, with an unmistakable air of good breeding. The man, stepping forward and courteously lifting his hat, said, "Have I the honor of addressing Senorita Ygnacia Bonaventura?"

He stopped abruptly as a sharp cry broke from the senorita's lips. She had risen, with her customary courtesy, at the first words of the stranger and stood now clinging desperately to the trellis over which the rose tree climbed.

"Santa Maria!" she breathed rather than spoke. "Who it see?"

"I am sorry to have startled you so," replied her visitor gently. "We were told at the hotel that you were quite willing strangers should see this beautiful tree or we would not have intruded. I beg your pardon." And he turned as if to go.

"Stay, senor," she cried. "Do not go. I will show you the roses with happiness—si. But come face to me which make me so [illegible] Jesu Christo, but you are like some one I"—

"I think you know my father," said the stranger. "He was stationed here at the Presidio years ago, and I have often heard him speak of this charming old town."

"Your fat haire here?"

"Yes, my father, General Saunders—Lieutenant Saunders when he was here."

There was a profound silence. The straight, slim figure seemed turned to stone. The great dark eyes looked out from under the folds of the black tapelo with sad intensity and earnest scrutiny. Tom Saunders felt as if he were confronted by some vague, unknown tragedy. His young wife, too, was experiencing a sensation as if she were looking on at a mysterious phase of human emotion, and drawing near her husband clasped his arm with both her hands and turned her sweet face, full of tender sympathy, toward the senorita. For an instant they stood thus, three souls looking out of their windows to scan each the other with searching looks. The senorita spoke first: "Si, senor," she said in a low, grave voice, "I did know your fat haire long—time—ago. He look like you—ah, I ope he ees well—si?"

"Did you not know—but of course you would not have heard"—said Saunders sadly, "my father is dead. He died a month ago."

"He ees dead?" repeated the senorita mechanically.

"Yes," said Saunders. "And before he died he charged me with a sacred commission. He knew that I was coming here on my wedding journey. He called me to him one day and said: 'When you get there, I want you to hunt up Senorita Ygnacia Bonaventura. Tell her for me that now as I am nearing death, I see with clearer vision, and that I regret the past. Tell her that as I lie here racked with pain I long, oh, I long, for the coolness and quiet of her rose garden, and that in the long watches of each restless night I smell again the perfume from the golden roses I planted before her door.'"

There was a sound of sobbing as Saunders finished his pathetic message. It came from his wife, who was profoundly affected by the situation. But the senorita did not weep. Her white face was tense in its agony, but not a tear glistened in her somber eyes. She held out her hand to the son of her old love. He took it in both his and pressed it gently. "She has suffered for my father's sake," was the thought that flashed through his mind, and he bent his head and laid a reverent kiss upon the senorita's brown, toil worn hand.

As Saunders and his wife were leaving, their arms filled with branches and clusters of the Gold of Ophir roses, the senorita held open the gate for them. When Saunders passed her, she laid in his hand the king of all that year's blossoms, a great royal golden rose. "For the lieutenant's grave," she simply said.

Saunders bowed, too much moved to speak. And six weeks later the ashes of that perfect flower were reverently strewn over a grave in Greenwood.

Hours after their departure the senorita entered the little drawing room. Her face was wan and haggard and old. She lifted her flickering candle high before the portrait and gazed steadfastly upon the beautiful young face that smiled down at her.

"Madre di Dios," she breathed, "but it was long—time—ago!"

The next morning they tried in vain to waken the senorita. She lay still and cold on her bed, drawn close to the open casement. Through the window the great, gay, golden roses climbed and looked into the poor little chamber, and one, bolder than the rest, had laid its yellow head close to the dead heart of the senorita.—Edith Sessions Tupper in Short Stories.

Engraving on Diamonds.

Diamonds can now be engraved in a very artistic manner.

The development of the diamond cutting art brings into existence a new class of jewelry, for which a considerable demand is expected. It was long believed that the diamond could not be engraved with safely or satisfactory results. But a few stones roughly engraved were found in India, and a diamond was exhibited at the Paris exhibition of 1878 on which a portrait of the king of Holland was scratched.

But the work was very imperfect, and the stones were rather demolished than engraved.

Some of the finest examples of engraving on diamonds are the work of a Paris jeweler. One is a scarfpin representing a yataghan, of which the blade is a slender diamond, and the handle is a ruby. Another is a large circular stone, on which a pansy with its foliage is engraved.

An elaborate piece of work is a bicycle, of which the wheels are two circular diamonds. The spokes are represented by lines engraved on the diamonds. A small hole is pierced at each angle.

Another diamond is carved like a fish. A handsome brooch is a scarabæus, surrounded by sapphires and brilliants.

Other examples are brooches representing flies, of which the wings are thin, engraved diamonds; two diamonds engraved with armorial bearings, the imperial arms of Russia being used in one instance on shirt and cuff buttons.—London Answers.

Cautious In Affairs of the Heart.

Nell—And how did he propose?

Grace—He asked me if it would be worth his while to ruin the 50 cent crease in his trousers.—Town Topics.

PARROTS GO TO SCHOOL.

They Begin With Kindergarten Methods and Graduate as Seniors.

One of the most peculiar professions of this very professional age is that which has for its end and aim the education of parrots, says Pearson's Weekly.

The parrots' academy is conducted on systematic lines and resembles in many of its features an ordinary educational establishment. In one room (corresponding to standard 1 of the regular business) are congregated the birds to be taught, screeching and shrieking in the bliss of ignorance. So soon as they have become accustomed to their surroundings and a little of the natural wildness that characterizes them has worn off, a monitor, in the shape of a parrot that has mastered the art of monosyllable utterance, is introduced, and under its tuition the class begins to show progress by voicing such simple words as "yes" and "no!"

Standard 2 marks a step in the upward grade. Bisyllables are here introduced and double worded sentences of an easy nature repeated. The third standard comprises trisyllable words and sentences of a more advanced kind.

Thus far the work is of a routine character, the teachers being the birds themselves. But with standard 4 the real work of education begins, and the bird monitor gives place to the pedagogue proper. The blackboard, too, now comes in. With a piece of chalk the dominie makes the letter "a" on the board, pronounces it aloud, and the birds repeat it, and, in turn, the whole alphabet after him. By the time standard 5 is reached a parrot of ordinary intelligence can read and spell such words as "cat" and "dog" with reasonable facility.

Standards 5 and 6 continue the process by gradual advances, simple sums in arithmetic being added to the curriculum and the method of "telling the time" taught.

The seventh and last standard is devoted entirely to music, vocal and instrumental. Not that parrots are taught to play the piano. That stage of development has not yet been attained, but the more proficient of them are instructed in the art of singing a song to the pedagogue's accompaniment on that instrument. When this point has been reached, the bird gets his certificate.

There are only two or three of these academies in the kingdom, and, the fees being high and the business brisk, the owners of them are doing well. It costs 5 guineas to secure a good education for a parrot, exclusive of extras in the shape of food and one or two other things, and it takes several months, in the case of the most forward and intelligent pupils, to pass in all the necessary subjects.

Misguided Smartness.

"One reason why some smaht men doan git along faster," said Uncle Eben, "is case dey loses time showin off how smaht dey is, 'stead o' trabblin right erlong."—Washington Star

CARISBROOKE'S DONKEY.

He Hoists Water From the Well of the Castle on the Isle of Wight.

A little knot of people slowly gathered outside the wooden door of the tiny stone hut, patiently awaiting their turn to enter. Despite rain and the discomfort of standing in a puddle under dripping umbrellas, we were as eager as Dotty to see "the wheels go round." Presently we heard a bolt draw back. The solid old door creaked open on its hinges, and we walked into a one roomed cabin. Almost at the back, in the middle, was the old well. In appearance it resembled most other wells, being merely a dark hole surrounded by a stone guard, around which had been placed a two stepped wooden platform. Over the well was the usual arrangement of ropes and a bucket. When the keeper, or showman rather, had carefully locked the door again, he mounted the steps and began in a slow, monotonous voice:

"This well is 700 years old. It is almost 200 feet deep—175 feet down and 25 feet of water. It has never been known to go dry. It would take a man too long to wind the bucket up, so we have it done this way. Come, 'Jacob!'" We turned in the direction in which the showman had called and saw that a huge wooden wheel, about 25 feet in diameter, had been put alongside the well and arranged in such a manner that its axle formed the beam around which the bucket rope was coiled. The wheel and a tiny space to the left were partitioned off by a low railing, and in this inclosure stood a small but wise looking donkey. He had a very large head, enormous ears and a fat, round, little body. While keeping one eye on the showman he playfully thrust his head over the rail, and with his teeth seized an apple from the hand of an unwary countryman who was gazing at the hanging rope. However, on hearing the words, "Come, Jacob!" his donkeyship immediately dropped the apple, assumed a businesslike air, and entering the wheel began to trot. The wheel revolved fairly rapidly and looked much like that in a squirrel's cage on a large scale. When Jacob thought it about time for the bucket to come up, he stopped and glanced round to see how much rope had been wound up and then continued his trotting. After doing this two or three times he finally gave an extra spurt, and upon seeing the bucket appear jumped out of the wheel before the man had time to call to him.

Jacob stood quietly by, panting a little and gazing with interest at us to see if we properly appreciated his feat. We each were offered a glass of the clear, sparkling water, and then a lighted candle placed in a stand was lowered to enable us by looking over the curb to judge the depth of the well.—Edith V. B. Matthews in St. Nicholas.

The Dutch Queen's Rebuke.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, whose mother and near relatives are all thoroughbred Teutons, is probably not nearly as anti-German as the vast majority of her loyal subjects, but she is every whit as patriotic. The other night I heard a characteristic story about her, the authenticity of which was affirmed by my informant, an official of high rank. When she and the queen regent were staying in London, their majesties received the members of the Dutch colony in audience, and among them the wife of a Dutch nobleman who had for some years been resident in England and had married an English woman. In the course of conversation this lady happened to mention the fact that she had some small children at home who were eager to see their young queen, but whom she had not ventured to bring with her to the reception.

"I should so much like to see them and to gratify their wish," said the queen impulsively. "Pray bring them to me early tomorrow, immediately after breakfast. They all speak Dutch, of course?"

"Well, your majesty," was the reply, "I am sorry to say that they do not. You see, they have been brought up here. My husband and I always speak English together, and we have English servants. The children have hardly ever heard Dutch spoken at all, and I, no doubt very wrongly, have not yet had them taught their language."

"I am sorry, too," rejoined the queen; "but, that being the case, I had rather not see your little ones now. Dutch children ought to speak Dutch. When yours can do so, bring them over to Holland, and I shall be delighted to receive them wherever I may be."

It was a severe lesson to be administered by a girl of 14 to a matron of twice her age, but it gave great satisfaction here in all ranks of Dutch society, and no doubt those children have been learning Dutch with exemplary assiduity during the past 12 months.—Hague Cor. London Telegraph.

The Handsome Apology.

"Many people know nothing about a real apology," writes Lilian Bell in an article on "How Men Fail as Lovers" in The Ladies' Home Journal. "A inkewarm apology is more insulting than the insult. A handsome apology is the handsomest thing in the world, and the manliest and the womanliest. An apology, like chivalry, is sexless. Perhaps because it is a natural virtue of women it sits manlier upon men than upon women. A delicate apology brings into play all the virtues necessary to a perfect humanity. The proudest are generally those who can bend the lowest. It is not pride, it is a stupid vanity and an abnormal self love which prevents a man or woman from apologizing. It requires a native humility of which only great souls are capable. It requires generosity to be willing to humble yourself. It takes faith in humanity that your apology will be accepted. You must have a sense of justice to believe that you owe it. It requires sincerity to make it sound honest and tact to do it at the right time. It requires patience to stick to it until the wound has ceased to bleed, and the best, highest, truest type of love to make you want to do it."

Copper In Plants and Animals.

For several years past the working chemists have claimed that native copper may be found in minute quantities in the tissues of every known species of plant and animal. Since Jan. 1 a commission appointed by the British Association For the Advancement of Science has made 60,000 examinations and chemical analyses by a great variety of processes and has not failed to find traces of copper in a single instance. They found it in the coloring of flowers, in the feathers, beaks and eyes of birds, grains and roots of wheat, in the scales of fishes and serpents—in short, everywhere.—St. Louis Republic

A Cordial Invitation.

Old Mrs. K., an orthodox member of the Society of Friends, was noted for her uncompromising truthfulness. The story is told of her that one day, when out driving with her daughter, they met a young acquaintance of Miss K.'s. Mrs. K. halted her horse while the two girls chatted for a moment, and Miss K. took the opportunity to invite her friend to spend the following day with her. Mrs. K., who was not fond of young people, maintained a rigid silence during the invitation. The friend drove on. In a few moments the K. carriage came dashing up again behind her. Mrs. K. had evidently been taken to task by her daughter for her lack of courtesy and wished to set herself right. Leaning out of her wagon, she called to the astonished young woman, "I want to say, Anna B., that I haven't any objection to thee coming tomorrow!"—New York Tribune.

Altgeld's "Busy Day."

Reports from Illinois seem to indicate that Governor Altgeld has business at home which requires his undivided attention.—New York Press.

Too Much Levity.

Kilduff—For a bill collector young Dunn displays considerable ill timed levity.

Skidmore—In what way?

Kilduff—When he comes after an account, he says cheerfully, "Did you want to see me today?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette

For July, 1896, says:

"WALTER BAKER & COMPANY, of Dorchester, Mass., have given years of study to the skillful preparation of cocoa and chocolate, and have devised machinery and systems peculiar to their methods of treatment, whereby the purity, palatability, and highest nutrient characteristics are retained. Their preparations are known the world over, and have received the highest indorsements from the medical practitioner, the nurse, and the intelligent housekeeper and caterer."

Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine goods, made at DORCHESTER, MASS.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited.

RESTAURANT LIFE IN PARIS.

Americans Are the Most Frequent Victims of Servants.

The restaurant life of Paris is as distinctive and idiosyncratic as the club life of London. The two modes of living are totally different, however, and mark elementary divergencies of national character and temperament. The Frenchman is a gourmet; the Englishman is a gormand. The Frenchman likes the open air; the Englishman likes the open air, too, but he wants his open air to be latticed in and girt about against intrusion. That which delights the Frenchman—the glitter, the chatter, the radiant and noisy ebb and flow of the boulevards—offends the Englishman.

Yet the better restaurants of Paris do not get their profits off their French patrons. It is the American who is relied on to bring up the average and to convert a loss into a gain, and for the American, therefore, the trap is set and the triggers are adjusted. He may swear and squirm and amuse the onlookers by his futile attempts in very crooked French to make his meaning plain, but to no avail. He will have to pay the bill. The swell restaurants have discovered a device for taking the luckless American completely captive which deserves the name of great.

Like everything great, it is simple. No price is affixed to the several dishes upon the bill of fare. Thus the stranger is left entirely in the dark. He is at the mercy of the lady accountant and the head waiter. There is no fixed standard of value. There is no check upon enterprising rapacity. You order your dinner blindfolded, and when "la note" is brought you have no recourse. The garcon shrugs his shoulders. The other garcons stand around and grin. The maitre de cuisine is dignity a little tempered by majesty. You know that you are being swindled. You know that monsieur yonder, who has had more dishes than you, and better served, has been charged some 50 per cent less. But what can you do? You can do nothing. You can simply disgorge. If you ask the price in advance, you commit a dreadful solecism. What does milor care about prices? Prices are made for the canaille. If milor wants a cheap dinner, he goes to Duval. The Cafe Voison exists for gentlemen, not for persons who need to economize. The Cafe Anglaise does not desire cheap custom. It prides itself on being "tres cher." The poor American does not see it at all, but yet his vanity being touched, as well as his pocket, he goes away with an abridgment of the basso in his grumble. He is a wiser, but a poorer man.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Matter of Doubt.

The proneness of the press to retail personal scandal has suggested a reminiscence of the times of Louis XV, when a member of the noble family of D'Argenson had charge of the police of the kingdom. One day he summoned before him the pamphleteer, Desfontaines, who had divulged to the public an escapade of some one of the name of D'Argenson. The royal official reprimanded Desfontaines severely and menaced him with something a good deal worse if he did not mend his ways or those of his scandal mongering pen. "But, my lord," stammered the poor devil of a writer, "I must live." "Really," coldly retorted the lieutenant of police, "I don't see the necessity of that."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Ballroom Manners.

"Where," queried a sweet old lady who from the lines of the chaperons watched society a-dance, "has ballroom courtesy gone to? When I was a girl, it would have been considered an insult for any young man to lead his partner on to the floor with such an air of bored indifference.

"In those days a young gentleman begged for the honor of a dance. Now they saunter up to whom they may fancy and say, 'Want to dance this?' 'Have a turn?' or, 'There goes a twostep! Come on.' And, what's more, the girls don't seem to resist it.

"Last evening I actually overheard young Mr. A. ask that pretty brunette in yellow to dance a waltz. She said she was tired just then. 'Later on, perhaps.'

"'You'd better take me while you can get me,' broke in Mr. A., with a laugh, and, if you'll believe me, that girl got up and danced the waltz with him.

"Have mothers given up teaching their sons and daughters social etiquette?"—New York Advertiser.

"Gent."

An early use of this slang expression is to be found in some verses—probably by Elkanah Settle—quoted by Walter Thornbury in his "Old and New London," from a poem on the "Lord Mayor's Banquet of Sir Samuel Fludyer," 1761, and apparently published at the time:

Where are your eyes and ears?
See there what honorable gent appears!
—Notes and Queries.

Our First Locomotive.

The first locomotive in America was brought from England in 1829. In the same year the first American locomotive was built by Peter Cooper.

A drowning man would have little use for a method of rescue which would require days. A dyspeptic doesn't want to bother with a remedy that is going to take weeks to show its beneficial effects.

The Mount Lebanon Shakers are offering a product under the name of Shaker Digestive Cordial which yields immediate relief. The very first dose proves beneficial in most cases; and it is owing to their unbounded confidence in it, that they have put 10 cent sample bottles on the market. These can be had through any druggist; and it will pay the afflicted to invest the trifling sum necessary to make a trial.

The Shaker Digestive Cordial relieves by resting the stomach and aiding the digestion of food.

Laxol is the best medicine for children. Doctors recommend it in place of castor oil.

HUMPHREYS'
WITCH HAZEL OIL

FOR

Piles or Hemorrhoids.
Fissures & Fistulas.
Burns & Scalds.
Wounds & Bruises.
Cuts & Sores.
Boils & Tumors.
Eczema & Eruptions.
Salt Rheum & Tetters.
Chapped Hands.
Fever Blisters.
Sore Lips & Nostrils.
Corns & Bunions.
Stings & Bites of Insects.

Three Sizes, 25c, 50c. and $1.00.

Sold by druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price

HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., New York.

A Great Country.

Another great wave of emigration is about to flow over the country. The north-west will receive the greatest benefit from it and every state in that region is prepared for it. From the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean Boards of Immigration have been formed, full of energy and enthusiasm and glad to give the newcomer and enquirer all the assistance possible.

In Minnesota the renowned Red River Valley and the newly opened lands of the Red Lake Reservation attract the homeseeker.

In North Dakota there are rolling hills and rich prairie lands. In Montana, the great Yellowstone Valley.

arms of welcome. In Idaho and Washington the Nez Perce Reservation lands recently ceded, and the Palouse, Potlach and Yakima Valleys east of the Cascades, are bound to be rapidly settled. West of the mountains are the fertile valleys of Puget Sound in Washington, and the Columbia and Willamette Valleys in Oregon.

Homes for millions of people are found here. Come and take possession; others are coming, you come too;—write to

Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn.

Hunting the Wild Goat.

The White Goat or Rocky Mountain Goat, as it is indiscriminately called, is a species of big game rarely hunted by sportsmen. This is not so much because of the difficulty of killing the animal, nor because of its actual rarity. It is a stupid animal, easily shot when once found. It is not, however, found in the usual hunting grounds, as are bear, deer, elk, etc. It is remote from the common localities, but where found is in goodly numbers. It ranges very high up in the mountains, above timber line usually, among rocks and cliffs. This requires great labor to get to it, but once there the hunter will get his game nine times out of ten.

If you care to read of a goat hunt made in the Bitter Root Range in Montana, in the fall of 1895, send six cents to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Railroad, St. Paul, Minn., for Wonderland '96, which recounts such a hunting expedition.

Lost.

Four pictures, one of building and three of family were lost in Bristol last week. A suitable reward will be given for their return to the Bristol Postoffice.

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Notice of Removal.

Dr. J. D. Thomas, specialist in the painless extraction of teeth with nitrous oxide gas, has removed from 912 to 1122 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Every business man should have it in his office: it is an invaluable companion—"The Rand-McNally Railway Guide."

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Third story room of Washington Hall for lodge purposes. For terms, etc., apply to

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A good dairy farm on salary, shares or rent. Address box 218, Beverly, N. J.

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Grocery store in Bristol. Fine location. Address box 117, Bristol, Pa.

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Physician to Hahnemann Hospital, 1886-1887
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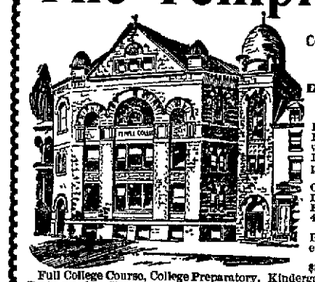

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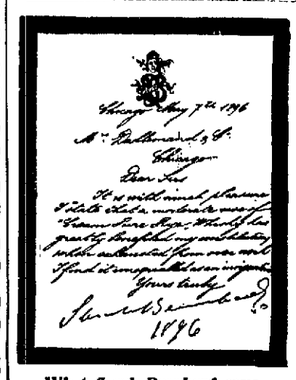

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